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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1937

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The One and the Many

FROM time immemorial philosophers have meditated upon the problem of the One and the Many. An intuition which is profound and sure, impresses upon the mind the fundamental truth that the Universe is an indivisible and partless unity; that the metagalaxy and the electron, the man and the infusorian, are in essence one and the same thing; that all evidences of difference and separateness in Nature are illusions, distortions of the single Reality, the One which can be neither multiplied nor fractioned. However, another intuition, no less certain than the first, brings the conviction that the most real thing in the Universe is the individual; that diversity and multiplicity are the most patent facts in experience; that a world in which there would be no distinction of *persons* could not conceivably exist.

It is no wonder that the human mind finds in this apparent contradiction between two certitudes, a permanent source of irritation. The passion for consistency may be, as Emerson suggested, a weakness of little minds; but some of the largest minds which have left their imprint upon history have made desperate efforts to explain how the world can be both indivisible and divisible, both the One and the Many. The usual procedure has been to over-emphasize one of the certitudes and to under-emphasize the other. Thus, in certain systems—like that of Spinoza, for instance—the stress is laid upon the ultimate unity of all substance and consciousness. On the other hand, the *Monadology* of Leibniz represents the attitude of those who regard the production of individual entities as the only significant cosmic event.

The solution of the riddle can never be found by pure reason alone, for even the purest reason can only draw inferences from the data of intuition and experience. That is why the problem of the One and the Many is not merely a technical metaphysical question, a subject for endless scholastic debates. Perhaps no final answer to it, in terms of human thought, ever will be found, but it is certain that our understanding of its implications is, at every instant, meas-

ured by our experience of the way in which the One and the Many are blended and reconciled in our own selves.

It has been noted that Spinoza and Leibniz established their systems at the opposite poles of philosophical thought. Madame Blavatsky makes the following comment upon them:

> Spinoza was a *subjective*, Leibniz an *objective* Pantheist, yet both were great philosophers in their intuitive perceptions. Now, if these two teachings were blended together and each corrected by the other—and foremost of all the One Reality weeded of its personality—there would remain as sum total a true spirit of esoteric philosophy in them; the impersonal, attributeless, absolute divine essence which is *no* "Being", but the root of all being. Draw a deep line in your thought between that ever-incognizable essence, and the, as invisible, yet comprehensible Presence (*Mulaprakriti*), or Shekinah, from *beyond and through which* vibrates the Sound of the *Verbum*, and from which evolve the numberless hierarchies of intelligent *Egos*, of conscious as of semi-conscious, *perceptive* and *apperceptive* Beings, whose essence is spiritual Force, whose substance is the Elements and whose Bodies (when needed) are the *atoms*—and our doctrine is there (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 629).

Two Modes of Force

Whether a man be a "philosopher" or not, his knowledge of the Universe and of his individual self is determined, therefore, by the degree to which he personally embodies the essence of his being and of all being, which is "Spiritual Force". In this connection, it should be helpful to review briefly certain theosophical postulates concerning the nature of "Spiritual Force". For instance, we can test, by observation and experiment, the proposition that there is in Nature only this one Force which, however, exhibits two modes of existence and action. In a certain sense, these modes may be illustrated by the centrifugal and centripetal forces of physics. Wherever there is a centre of substance, some sort of equilibrium is established between the energies generated within the centre, and the energies generated in the surrounding space. Some interaction between the two sets of energies is inevitable, as the one current is directed outward and the other presses inward towards the centre.

We quote from *Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge*, pp. 127-134:

> Though Newton's proposition that every particle of matter has the property of attraction for every other particle, is on the whole correct; and though Leibniz's proposition that every atom is a universe in itself, and acts through its own inherent force, is also true; yet both are incomplete. For man is also an atom, possessing attraction and repulsion, and is the Microcosm of the Macrocosm. But would it be also true to say that because of the force and intelligence in him he moves independently of every other human unit, or could act and move, unless there were a greater force and intelligence than his own to allow him to live and move in that higher element of Force and Intelligence? . . . Besides the force acting *in* matter there is also a force acting *on* matter. . . . All . . . differences in the objective world result only from the peculiarities of differentiation of matter on which the one free force acts, helped in this by that portion of its essence which we call imprisoned force, or material molecules. The worker within, the inherent force, ever tends to unite with its parent essence without. . . . We are told that it [a cycle of manifestation] begins when the imprisoned force and intelligence inherent in every atom of differentiated as well as of homogeneous matter arrives at a point when both become the slaves of a higher intelligent Force whose mission is to guide

and shape it. It is the Force which we call the divine Free-Will, represented by the Dhyani-Buddhas. When the centripetal and centrifugal forces of life and being are subjected by the one nameless Force which brings order in disorder, and establishes harmony in Chaos—then [the cycle of manifestation begins]. . . . All growth depends upon the indwelling force, because on this plane of ours it is this force alone which acts consciously. The universal force cannot be regarded as a conscious force as we understand the word consciousness, because it would immediately become a personal god. It is only that which is enclosed in form, a limitation of matter, which is conscious of itself on this plane. This Free Force or Will, which is limitless and absolute, cannot be said to act understandingly, but it is the one and sole immutable Law of Life and Being. Fohat, therefore, is spoken of as the synthetic motor power of all the imprisoned life-forces and the medium between the absolute and conditioned Force. It is a link, just as Manas is the connecting link between the gross matter of the physical body and the Divine Monad which animates it, but is powerless to act upon the former directly.

Vortices in the Waters of Space

It should be remarked that Madame Blavatsky enunciated this theory of force at a time when the mechanistic scheme of classical physics still dominated scientific thought. Ultimate reality was supposed to be condensed in a fortuitous concourse of atoms in perpetual motion, and all states of matter and mind were assumed to be effects of atomic collisions and combinations. In other words, the real was identified with an infinitude of infinitesimal corpuscles, the most limited entities of which the intellect could conceive.

The discovery of radio-activity and other developments have greatly altered the orthodox scientific view of physical nature. Matter and radiation are now generally regarded as different phases of the same "substance". Atoms are no longer compared to unbreakable billiard balls. In the microcosm imagined by the ultra-modern physicist, the atoms are like galaxies of tiny stars emitting and receiving waves of energy. But also they are indistinguishable from these waves. The "atom within the atom", the electron, in one aspect, seems to be a tiny particle, but its electrical properties are most simply explained on the assumption that it actually "takes up the whole of space". It is impossible to say where it begins and where it ends.

Isolated bodies do not exist in Nature. There are vortices or eddies in the "waters of space". But a vortex is inseparable from its medium. It is part of something larger than itself. Lord Dundreary's bird which flocked by itself is no more impossible than an entity set apart from the Universe. The eddy and the ocean are in essence one and indivisible.

So it is in the human kingdom. Man, like the electron, has a dual nature. "The soul is buried in the body, as in a tomb", said Pythagoras. From one point of view, the human being seems to be nothing but a limited personal self enclosed in a physical vehicle, localized in space and insulated in a small cycle of time. But this limitation is neither more nor less real than the eddy in the ocean. In itself it is, as the sages of East and West have always taught, a *maya*, a mirage, a phantasm, an illusion. The *real man*, again like the electron, "takes up the whole of space". Such is the necessary deduction from the theosophical axiom that the essence of man is "spiritual Force". His personal self and his

bodily form have meaning and value, in so far as they embody and make self-conscious this "higher intelligent Force . . . which we call the divine Free-Will". As we read in the *Bhagavad Gîta*, "These finite bodies are said to belong to Him, the Eternal, the indestructible, unprovable Spirit, who is in the body."

The Semblance of a Second Nature

"The One Self is all things and yet is no thing", says Plotinus. "It is just because no entity exists separately within it, that all entities can issue from it. As it is itself perfect and acquires nothing and has no need nor desire, it has—so to speak—overflowed. This overflowing or emanation has produced the semblance of a 'second nature'." The great mystic proceeds to identify this "second nature" with the noetic principle, the highest attainable state of *individual* consciousness. But though there is this steady stream of spiritual Force from above, there must be, as Madame Blavatsky indicates in the passage just quoted, a conscious response from below. The "indwelling Force" purifying the personal nature, makes possible the transformation of the human ego into "a semblance of the second nature". This alchemical refinement is described as the specific task delegated to *manas*, the "self-consciousness", the "synthetic motor power of all the imprisoned life-forces" in man, the assemblage of all the magical potencies of reason, imagination, aspiration, will.

The Love of Truth

"There is no Religion higher than Truth." The Pythagoreans defined their objective as "the knowledge of the things which are". Certainly they did not mean that only savants and professors are fitted to enter the kingdom of heaven. They pointed to the fact that the proper food of the soul is truth, which may be assimilated more simply by children or peasants than by many so-called philosophers. The lover of truth delights in the right use of reason, but he does not love truth with the intellect alone. The intellect only mirrors the truths which we have lived and enacted and made part of ourselves. Therefore, the love of truth transforms the whole nature of man. It is the complete expression of the *manas*, "the connecting link between . . . the physical body and the Divine Monad".

An age may be judged by its attitude towards truth. Modern man, for example, does not doubt that the major conclusions of physics concerning matter and energy are sound. He respects the principles of mechanics, the "laws of nature", tested by repeated observation of the actions and reactions of material bodies. However, outside the domain of "gross matter", he tends to act and think as if there were no principles. The modern mind is fascinated by "relativity": by the truism that the appearance which the world wears is always relative to the point of view of the observer. Let the observer change his position, it is argued, and truth will change with it. It is then easy to pass on to the assumption that man can make or unmake truth to suit his appetites and prejudices. Anyone who would apply such a doctrine in his relations with physical nature, would be classified as a lunatic. Why should we assume that

there are not moral and spiritual laws to which we must conform in order to survive, as we must conform to the laws of matter? The presence of immutable principles upon all the planes of Nature is not disproved by the fact that our view of those principles is constantly varying. Chicago is *west* of New York and *east* of San Francisco, but that is no reason for denying that Chicago exists.

Spiritual Realism

At the recent Harvard tercentenary of arts and sciences, Professor Etienne Gilson of the University of Paris made a powerful appeal for the revival of "spiritual realism", that is to say, of the mediæval conception of a universal truth independent of the human will, but open to exploration by the human reason.

In the conviction that there is nothing in the world above universal truth lies the very root of intellectual and social liberty. Our only hope is therefore in a widely spread revival of the Greek and mediæval principle, that truth, morality, social justice and beauty are necessary and universal in their own right. Should philosophers, scientists, artists make up their minds to teach it and, if necessary, to preach it in time and out of time, it would become known again that there is a spiritual order of realities whose absolute right is to judge even the State, and eventually to free us from its oppression. . . . I am alluding to the deeply rooted mediæval conviction that though the various expressions of truth unavoidably bear the marks of their local origins, truth itself, both in speculation and in the practical order, is not true for a certain civilization, nor for a certain nation, but belongs to humanity as a whole. In short, truth is universal in its own right. . . . Coupled with their belief in the universal character of religious faith, there was in those [mediæval] scholars an equally strong belief in the universal character of rational truth. This part, at least, of their ideal could be fruitfully upheld and, if need be, revived in our own days. The problem of religious unity essentially belongs to the theologians, but the problem of philosophical unity is in itself an essential philosophical problem, and unless philosophers tackle it, somebody else will solve it for them, probably against them. . . . The sad fact is that after losing our common faith, our common philosophy and our common art, we are in great danger of losing even our common science and of exchanging it for State-controlled dogmas. Such a development was to be expected. A good many years ago, the French philosopher Jules Lachelier made the casual remark that the only conceivable form of democracy was theocracy and, he added, that very kind of theocracy which William Penn had once established in the forests of Pennsylvania. Despite its paradoxical appearance, that statement was fundamentally sound, in this at least, that as soon as men refuse to be ruled directly by God, they condemn themselves to be ruled directly by man; and if they decline to receive from God the leading principles of their moral and social conduct, they are bound to accept them from the king or from the State or from their race or from their own social class. . . . It is a natural temptation for everyone of us to coin a truth of his own, made after his own image and likeness, so that its contemplation may give us at the same time the selfish pleasure of self-contemplation. We have so often thought, and written, and taught our students, that the discovery of truth is a personal affair, that we have come either to think, or to make them believe, that truth itself is a personal affair. Yet the most commonplace truth is infinitely better than a whole system of the most original errors. Now is, perhaps, the time to remind ourselves and to teach others the old Greek principle that unity is better than multiplicity. Not uniformity, which is the mere lack of diversity, but unity; that is to say the rational ordering of a manifold reality. Do we believe that truth is one? Are we convinced that truth consists in finding out an order where there is one, as in nature, and to put it where there

is none, or not enough of it, as in moral, social and political life? . . . What is the proper use of reason? Mediæval philosophers would answer that it consists in using it according to its own nature, which is to judge things as they are. Every sound rationalism is at the same time a realism. In spite of their many differences, all varieties of [miscalled] idealism agree precisely in this, that things are what the human mind says them to be. Mediæval realism, on the contrary, always stood firm on the Greek platform, that the human mind is right, when it conforms to reality.

A Link Between Man and the Cosmos

It is comparatively painless for anyone to seek and discover facts which are objective and physical. Doubtless the exploration of the external world implies hard work and courage and patience. The veritable man of science sacrifices time, comfort, sometimes life itself, to attain his goal. But he is not obliged to experiment upon himself, to practice introspection, to dissect his own states of consciousness, to observe his lower nature in all its hideousness without upsetting his mental balance, to create in himself a real soul without losing his sense of identity. The knowledge of the scientist enables him to predict and direct the processes of physical nature; but his science gives him no control over human passions. For better or for worse, he can transform the visible aspect of the earth. He does not undertake the far more difficult and dangerous task of transforming his own ego into the "semblance of a second nature".

Though physical science, like every expression of truth, forges a link between man and the cosmos, this junction is not secure. Few would doubt that the *primum mobile* of scientific discovery and invention has been a deep and abiding love of truth. But the magnitude of their achievements on the physical plane has tempted men of science to miscalculate their value to man. The truths which they have revealed and applied are an infinitesimal fraction of the total of the *knowable* in the Universe. We know so very little, for instance, about the powers and attributes of consciousness, about the *subjective* aspect of Nature. One is even obliged to assume that we know less about the potentialities of human nature than our "pre-scientific" ancestors. A savage may understand better how to adapt his behaviour to the exigencies of moral and spiritual laws, than the victim of civilization whose inner life is a vast anarchy, dominated by a succession of despots, as first one emotion and then another dominates his will and imagination. Our control of the external world, far from creating an enduring connection between the physical body and the Divine Monad, has actually served to weaken the link already existing, by multiplying the occasions for self-indulgence and by intensifying the illusion of our self-sufficiency.

The Subordination of Reason to Desire

As Professor Gilson points out, the natural rôle of reason is to judge things as they are. But though this is "natural", experience testifies that, more often than not, reason acts "unnaturally". The overwhelming majority of mankind persistently use reason to justify their prejudices and vanities, to "judge" things as they are not. The trouble with most people, remarked Josh Billings, is not that they don't know anything, but that they know so many things that

aren't so. As an Indian philosopher might comment, the unregenerate *manas* is the slave of *maya* and *avidya*, of illusion and unwisdom.

As the least self-examination shows, reason in practice is subordinate to desire. We think what we want to think. Theosophy explains mental activity as an interaction between the spiritual and animal "souls" in man. Thus there are two modes of *manas*, the higher gravitating towards *buddhi*, the pole of aspiration and love of truth, the lower gravitating towards *kama*, the pole of egotism and selfish desire.

We ought to think what is true, but we are at liberty to think what is false. We can obey or defy the dictates of truth, the laws of Divine Nature to which in essence we belong. Our salvation or damnation depends upon our willingness or refusal to unite the "indwelling force" of our personal selves with the free and universal force of the Logos, the Self which "is all things and yet is no thing", and which, according to Theosophy, has been personified and made incarnate in the Avatars as "The Way, the Truth, and the Life".

The Undermining of Character

"As soon as men refuse to be ruled directly by God, they condemn themselves to be ruled directly by man." In terms of the theosophical interpretation of history, man must choose whether he would be governed by "God-instructed men", by Adept Kings, or by creatures like himself, which is to say, by a steadily deteriorating line of politicians. The choice which he has made explains the diseases which afflict the modern state. Their name is legion,—communism, fascism, racism, totalitarianism, collectivism, etc., etc. But the germs which cause various symptoms in various lands, all belong to the same family. The art of the demagogue is not of recent date. The successful politician knows how to flatter the self-esteem of other men, and how to stimulate their envy and cupidity. His task has been greatly facilitated by modern means of communication, by the press, the radio and the movies. Alcibiades and Antony could stampede a mob by shouting at them. To-day their successors can stampede nations. Someone has suggested that unless the human race develops some sort of immunity to the rapidly spreading virus of mass hypnosis, all hope for the present civilization must be abandoned.

The demagogue, like the coster in *The Pirates of Penzance*, may "love to lie a-basking in the sun" when he is off duty. Probably very few of his kind, unless they be conscious acolytes of the Black Lodge, cherish the deliberate purpose of undermining the characters of their victims. The point is that he wants to get power and to keep it, and the easiest and quickest way to his end is to discover the ruling passion, the presiding weakness, in the lives of his countrymen, and to cultivate and increase it. One need only reflect upon the distinguishing characteristics of the various dictatorships or semi-dictatorships which have appeared in the world since the Great War, to recognize with what instinctive skill the agitators in different countries have exploited the outstanding and peculiar vices of each nation.

A Warning to Americans

It is not a pleasant exercise for an American to consider the vices which are the easiest to exploit within the boundaries of the United States. Nevertheless, it is a duty which no American who has any pride in his heritage should neglect. Fortunately there are some who are not utterly blind to what has been happening. We cite some passages from "Thoughts Current", in *The Atlantic Monthly* (September, 1936), by Dr. Ernest M. Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College. Dr. Hopkins is frankly a critic of the New Deal, but his remarks have a general significance because of his clear comprehension of the factors which are distorting and softening the qualities, formerly regarded as specifically American.

One of the most sapient aphorisms of which I know is that it takes a tragic amount of time on the part of the wise to correct the mistakes of the merely good. The misfortunes of the present day may easily become catastrophes if the process is continued of dissipating our inheritances of courage, initiative, fortitude, and aspiration. Under the impulses of these qualities, a struggling people organized the government and overcame great difficulties to set up the principle that every man is entitled to an equal opportunity. To argue that the ideal has not been fully attained is not to demonstrate that it has not been more fully attained in America than anywhere else in the world. . . . I would not be understood as arguing that society must not assume responsibility for its natural dependents, or that concern should not be felt for, and necessary help offered to, its underprivileged members. Neither would I attach blame to the Administration for the gradual disappearance of qualities of resourcefulness among an increasing number of our population in recent years, for which the sordid materialism of public thought in the past has been responsible. What I would assert is that, under the New Deal, dependency is being encouraged to the point where it is rapidly and needlessly increasing, that the least desirable tendencies of a materialistic age are being accentuated rather than diminished, and that by the exclusiveness of solicitude for the incapable at the expense of the capable, we are inducing a deterioration in our national character to a point little short of self-destruction. Particularly, I resent the extent to which the New Deal has felt obliged to go, in soliciting support for its programme by reiteration to the public, and particularly to youth, of the misfortunes to which they are pictured as being subject. We are being made a people sorrowing in self-pity for ourselves. If enough people tell a man that he looks ill, he begins to feel his own unhappy symptoms. The influence of suggestion is one of the most powerful forces in the world, and one of the greatest misfortunes of the present day is the effect upon our people of having had sympathy forced upon them for conditions, the correction of which demanded but the exercise of due measures of intelligence and courage. The foundations of American society were laid by men who endured economic want and physical hardships, that they might gain access to opportunities few in number and inconsiderable in importance as compared with those which to-day lie close at hand for all of us. There was no thought in their minds that the conditions of life ought to be anything but a challenge, or that the rewards of life could be possessed except through valiant effort. They accepted the conditions and went their ways without dismay and without complaint, with definiteness of purpose and with high aspiration. Thus, from recognition of the fact that life must be a struggle for men to profit most from it, arose a great people.

The Youth Movement

The Saturday Evening Post (November 7, 1936) published "The Youth Document", by Mr. Garet Garrett. It provides confirmation at a crucial point of

the argument that the American people are in danger of becoming a race of moral idiots. Mr. Garrett has made a detailed study of the so-called "youth movement" in this country. He recalls the time when he was young and had to make his way without the help of social workers or politicians. He does not deny the tribulations which the youth of his generation had to face and overcome; but he refuses to admit that a way to any kind of success can be found without pain and trouble. Then he points to the multitudinous agencies which are dedicated to the purpose of caring for the young people of this country, of making life easy and comfortable for them, and which are continually explaining how sorry everybody is for them and how sorry they ought to be for themselves. He examined a copy of a bill introduced in the United States Senate to provide vocational training and employment between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, and read an account of the public hearings before the Committee on Education and Labour.

> Those who appeared to bear witness for the Act [Mr. Garrett calculates the cost as "hardly less than $3,000,000,000 a year"] were members of youth bodies, social-service workers, representatives of union labor, Communists, and educators. . . . The editor of the *Student Advocate* told the senators that if they really wished to know how to restore peace and quiet in the schools and universities, . . . the way to do it was to "legislate poverty out of existence." . . . The National High-School Secretary of the American Student Union asked the senators to consider how crucial a thing the matter of clothes or money for some recreation might be, and that hundreds of thousands of youths were feeling inferior for want of these things, adding: "In terms of social maladjustment, we are going to pay a heavy toll in later life for this." . . . Among other letters placed in the record was one from a student, . . . saying she had lost her benefits from the National Youth Administration because her marks averaged only C, asking what C's had to do with it, and ending: "In November when I vote, I will favour those candidates who have done most to further the betterment of my conditions." Lillian Robbins, head worker at the Hamilton House Settlement, said: "These boys need cigarettes, hair cuts, razor blades, that no relief budget includes. And they don't ask too much when they want a quarter for the movie and, perhaps, even another one for the girl friend." The head worker at Madison House Settlement said: "A despairing youth, bitter and disillusioned, seeks aid from its elected representatives. As one who has for the past two years made somewhat of a study of youth's vocational problems, I can say that aside from youth not having cigarette and movie money, the most vexing problem is that of answering the query, What can I do?"

As Mr. Garrett says, the first misfortune of contemporary youth "was to have been born at a time when the stern-parent principle, having failed in the home, was failing also in government". His conclusion is that there is no solution to a general youth problem, because there is in reality no such problem. Every young person has a separate problem which sooner or later must be solved on its own merits. Fortunately some of the boys and girls who are coming to maturity, do clearly understand this fact. They are bravely trying to take their places as individuals in the world, and are resisting the attempts to herd them into one more social caste whose only function is to hold up the government.

Immunity to Mass Hypnosis

In America, therefore, as elsewhere, the lower nature of the multitude is

being subjected to a powerful, if incoherent, movement of collective suggestion or mass hypnosis. It appears that in America, at least at the present time, the most successful method of demoralizing the citizen is to make him feel more and more pity for himself.

How can this tendency towards social and national mania be checked? Where can one discover some counter-irritant which will distract our attention from ourselves and our troubles and give us immunity to mass hypnosis? Surely the solution is near at hand. It is not to be sought in politics or in propaganda or in public works. The individual must find it for himself, within himself, using the powers of the *manas* which are inherent in him, and potentially, as has so often been said, link the individual soul with the Universal Soul. But first of all it is necessary to cultivate the faith that real knowledge exists and is attainable; that on all planes of being there are ruling principles of action which are immutable and everlasting. Let us keep "relativity" in its place.

Therefore, let the individual seek to solve his own problem, whatever it may be, seeking the truth, the principle, by obedience to which it can alone be solved. As other individuals follow the same rule of conduct, he will learn of their existence and will join his forces to theirs. Thus a real nucleus of collective aspiration may be formed, a group amalgamated not by mass hypnosis but by devotion to a common ideal. We believe that in this way and no other, civilizations are born. It is the opposite of the way of regimentation and social planning.

The Evocation of God-Instructed Men

It has been said that a group of determined and loyal souls can generate the power to evoke a "God-instructed man", a representative of truth and wisdom, to guide and govern them. Such would seem to be the normal operation of the Supreme Principle in which the One and the Many are made concordant. The "imprisoned force and intelligence inherent in every atom" cannot act without some response from the "one nameless Force . . . which we call the divine Free Will". Too often the only response of which our acts are worthy is some catastrophe which shocks or pulverizes our personal natures. We shall be wise to believe that the unpleasant occurrences which the Apocalypse depicts are not all necessarily symbolical; that they may quite literally denote some of the methods by which the Guardians of the Good Law correct and instruct and regenerate the wayward souls of men. But we shall be wise to believe also that genuine aspiration and service of truth meet a thousand-fold response from those same Guardians.

According to Theosophy the *real man* can have only one enduring purpose, to which all the accidents and incidents of his physical existence are subordinate,—to arrive at the point in evolution where he becomes "the semblance of a second nature", where he constitutes himself a link between the One and the Many, between the impersonal and the personal self, between the Masters and the "lost generation" of their children in the world.

FRAGMENTS

WE feel no scorn for the farmer-boy who, having laboured and saved, leaves his plough and goes to college, thence to the law school, and makes for himself a career in a world far beyond that to which he was born. Why such contempt and condemnation for one who, also having toiled and sacrificed, sets his soul where "it has pastured with the stars upon the meadow-lands of space"?

The less gifted farmer-boy's brother, who derides his junior's ambition, is not an object of our admiration, but of our pity. Yet those who decry the quest of the mystic, hold, surely, a no less invidious position. Lacking all real comprehension of what is sought in each case, they stand equally condemned for ignorance and narrow-mindedness. Reduced to its basic facts, the consciousness of this type of intellectual worldling parallels that of the toiler of the fields. One works with his hands and the other with his brains, but both are limited to the earth beneath their feet; and it is an inner sense of inferiority, and the envy springing from that in a diminutive nature, which explains the attitude of each of them, and its bitterness.

It is time that these things were more widely understood. True, if the farmer-boy leave an old mother in loneliness and want, the right-minded will reverse their original sympathetic verdict; and, in the case of the mystic, with a swifter justice. But so jealously does spiritual life guard its sanctuary, that, while the farmer-boy in such case may succeed, in spite of his selfishness, the mystic has closed the door of possible attainment with his own hand, nor can he hope again to open it, until, humbly and in deep repentance, he returns and pays the debts he has dishonoured. For, at his initial step, he has violated the nobility he seeks, and he is hurled back by the very Law he has invoked.

O my friends, my brothers, you who can only half believe, too dazzled, perhaps, by the glory that calls you, not daring to trust yourselves to it, and fearing its implications where the denizens of the Shadow cluster on its rim of

Light,—give yourselves, nevertheless, to the faith you can recognize even while you do not possess it; confide in the vision you see, even if it only shine in the eyes of another; plunge into that ocean of radiance, even though in the act it appear as annihilation, for there the Everlasting Arms will surround and support you. Peter, too, walked on the waves of Galilee at the Master's bidding, until his faith failed him; when a Hand bore him up, and a tender reproof—O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

You also, my brothers as well, bound in your prejudices and self-imposed limitations, with your pharisaical wisdoms and superiorities, thankful you are not as these others (well you may be, we say, though for far other reasons); half-scientists, quarter-philosophers, tenth-metaphysicians, overgrown children, playing with knowledge; yet with a pathetic sincerity that belies the empiricism you cherish,—you, also, my brothers, awake, for a judgment is coming, a judgment on all you have built with such labour. Your "time" has ended, another has dawned. Do not sink with the ruin that must be when illusions are shattered and old errors crumble. The Powers that destroy will in mercy destroy,—not the bolshevik madness that is Love's perversion while the sign of its presence; for how is there shadow without light to reveal it? and you built the obstruction now casting that shadow.

See at last the false from the true; step into the light, and work with the force that will blast your creation. So perchance you may save the fruit of your labour by its transformation. O my brothers, give ear: MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

CAVÉ.

SEPTENARY MAN IN ANCIENT EGYPT

O Thou Who bringest joy to them that labour, Who succourest them that are discouraged, Osiris of the Mystic Forms, fill our hearts, fill Thou our hearts.—PYRAMID TEXTS.

I have come to give light in darkness, which is made light and bright by Me.—BOOK OF THE DEAD.

FAITH in the existence of "another world", an invisible world lying all about us, is one of the most ancient of beliefs, and closely connected with it is the deep-rooted conviction that man's perishable physical body is merely the outer husk, or the vehicle for the immortal Self within. "The visible is ever present in the invisible, and the invisible in the visible", is very ancient Wisdom indeed; a celestial assurance which is our heirloom from an incalculable past; a belief which the Lodge has never allowed to disappear entirely from the hearts of men. Always there have been the "few"—servants of the Lodge—who have sounded again and yet again these notes of the primitive harmony; Great Souls who have kept its reverberations still ringing in the world. As *The Secret Doctrine* tells us, it is one of the essential truths of occult philosophy: "It indicates the existence of things imperceptible to our physical senses which are of far greater importance, more real and more permanent, than those that appeal to these senses themselves." In every one of the earliest religions that we know, in that of ancient Egypt perhaps more than in any other, we meet with these twin beliefs in more or less definite form, and side by side with them is a third: that to live at all, in any true sense, man must perpetually "ascend", that life must be an unremitting "climb". This idea of spiritual existence by upward progress of the soul, is presented to us in endless allegory under which we soon begin to recognize ancient and familiar alchemical formulæ for soul transformation, these generally being found in fragments of the ritual. All are obviously of immemorial usage, Egyptian "magic", as we understand it to-day, being largely built upon them. *The Secret Doctrine* gives us a hint of their vast antiquity by saying that "Alchemy had its birthplace in Atlantis during the Fourth Race, and had only its *renaissance* in Egypt." The true secrets of alchemical metamorphism belonged, of course, to the Mysteries, but the Mysteries must be *lived*, they cannot be imparted to the mind or interpreted by the intellect. Therefore the many Chapters in the *Book of the Dead*, dealing with these supernatural changes, are mostly incomprehensible to us. The central, guiding thought is, in general, this: while the gods are ever brooding over him, man must *himself* struggle upward from his lower nature where he now dwells, up to the "world of light", his true home where all is "pure gold". It was

individual effort that was needed, and the transforming fire of alchemy was the fervour of his own aspiration—a fire which must never be allowed to grow cold or to be extinguished. In the Pyramid Texts, whole sections are given to emphasis upon this religious duty, such, for example, as "The Chapter of those who raise themselves up", where, describing the resolute soul, it is written: "He ascends, *he lifts himself* to the sky." This sacred fire had also its outward expression, for the broad rays of the sun, streaming earthward, were regarded as the fiery pathway up which the soul must pass "as a flame before the wind to the ends of the sky"—the mortal must be transfigured into the immortal; it was ascending states of consciousness which mattered. "I raise myself up, I renew myself, and I grow young again", we read in the *Book of the Dead*. "I am Fire, the Son of Fire", cries in ecstasy the soul which has attained.

It has been said more than once, that the Egyptian was the first among the early people definitely known to us, to whom the conception of *becoming* was a reality; that the very heart of his creed was belief in transformation, and in ancient Egypt this symbolical pathway up which man must climb to the "place of the gods" was called a "ladder" which, rung by rung, must be scaled. Moreover, these rungs are often spoken of as *parts of himself*, parts of his physical body (eyes, nose, mouth and so on), and this idea can only be comprehensible to us if these members are taken to signify his many principles. Thus it was victorious moral and spiritual ascent which was implied, until complete victory (the topmost rung or highest principle) had been reached. But not every soul making the attempt, was successful—we read of those unfortunate ones who lost their footing and fell when only half way up, and we are irresistibly reminded of what we are told in *Light on the Path*, about "the perilous ladder which leads to the path of life".

No student of Theosophy will be surprised when discovering that, in ancient Egypt, man was looked upon as composite; in fact he was definitely accounted septenary, and we cannot understand the Egyptian belief in immortality, or the relation between man and the gods, until we learn the full nature of man himself as the Egyptians conceived it. As a matter of fact, this manifold and conglomerate nature, hidden as it was by man's single, outer appearance, was very much the same as that of which we read in *The Secret Doctrine* and other theosophical literature—only the names are different, and they sound strange to us now. Each name had, of course, its definite connotation and its own interpretative hieroglyph or group of hieroglyphs, giving the special definition of the principle in question, descriptive of the *idea* back of the name. There are several complications when endeavouring to make a fixed list of the human and divine principles, this being largely due to the fact that during the thousands of years through which Egypt passed, there were many introductions of new names as of new ideas, which somewhat obscured the original conceptions—though these were never really changed. "The Egyptian priests *had forgotten much, they altered nothing*", as Madame Blavatsky tells us. The following list may therefore be suggested.

First there was the *khat* or physical body, the recognized vehicle in this visible

world for all the others, and represented by a group of hieroglyphs and the sign of a man walking vigorously.

Then the *kaybet* or "shadow", which played a very important part in all ancient beliefs. Obviously the kaybet stood for the Linga Sârira, and the sign for it was descriptive: a curious device like a small tent—something which cast a protective shade; and the kaybet was so integral a part of man's life on earth that it was felt to be necessary, in the ritual, to sound a warning note for the benefit of the deceased, cautioning him to be careful that the "Eater of the Shadow" in the after-death state, did not put an end to the possibility of further existence either on earth or in the "Fields of Yaru"—Paradise.

Sekhem was force—evidently Kama. The hieroglyphic sign was a particular form of sceptre. Sekhem (Kama) was therefore looked upon as the *ruling power* in the life of the average man. The literal translation of the word is "to have the mastery over something".

Ankh, the *crux ansata* (always the sign of Life) would represent Prana were it not that it is used so much more in the universal sense (Jiva) that it is doubtful if the Egyptian looked upon it as one of the component parts of septenary man. The Universal Power, the One God, was behind all manifestation to the Egyptian.

In the case of Lower Manas there were two aspects—the *Ba* and the *Ab*—which it seems must be considered together as two parts of the one principle. The Ba was essentially the more human part—the human soul able only with difficulty to separate itself from life on earth, for it is shown as a small, human-headed bird with very appealing, tiny hands: the soul forced apart by death from the body, but evidently reluctant to leave it, for it is often seen in papyri and on stelæ as a disconsolate and earth-bound little wanderer, clinging to the mummy and evidently trying to re-enter and reanimate the dead body, though sometimes also, the Ba's less materialistic bias is represented as a free and happy little creature, flitting about unhindered. The Ab (very familiar to us in the famous Judgment Scene before Osiris) was known as the *heart* of the deceased, and it may be considered as the will and intentions—the *conscience*, in fact. Or it might be said that the Ba was the personification of Lower Manas, while the Ab (more abstract) was the harvest resulting from the soul's inner and outer activities during life. These two aspects undoubtedly represented the upward and the downward tendencies of Lower Manas, and it is with the introduction of the Osirian Judgment (which appears at this point) that the first suggestion of duality shows itself.

It would be impossible to enter into all the intricacies of the great Judgment Scene; volumes have been written about it, and it may be studied by anyone wishing to do so—its symbolism, its significance, the religious ideas which it portrays and all the rest. The Papyrus of Ani is one of the most celebrated in this respect, and probably furnishes us with the best example that we have. Suffice it to say that the human soul (the Ba and the Ab) of the man who has just died and who is seeking "justification" for his deeds on earth, is conducted by Anubis, "Opener of the Way", before the Tribunal in the Hall of the "Two Truths", or of "Double Justice", the Hall where, after an indispensable ceremony,

the verdict either of redemption or of condemnation is pronounced. In the Hall sits Osiris on his Throne, and behind him stand both Isis and Nephthis—again duality. Also two lesser goddesses. In front of Osiris is a great balance—scales composed of a long beam with two hanging pans in one of which the heart (Ab) of the deceased is placed; in the other, the feather of Truth (Maat). Anubis, holding the hand of the soul which is being brought to trial, stands at the side of the scales where the heart is placed; at the other side stands Thoth (Hermes), the Scribe of the gods, ready to enter the result of the trial on his celestial tablets. Nearby crouches a strange and fearsome animal known as the "Devourer" or the "Eater of the Dead". This monster, with the head of a crocodile, hind quarters of a hippopotamus and fore quarters of a lion with long, sharp claws on its feet, turns its snout toward Osiris as though asking leave to devour "him who comes from the earth"—the Lower Manas, that part of man which is as yet "unjustified". It would seem likely that this horrible creature is intended to represent the Kama Rupa, eager to get complete and final possession of the human soul. In the trial itself, the so-called "Negative Confession" plays a prominent part, the deceased declaring himself guiltless of this, that or the other sin. He appears in large measure to conduct his own defence, which might seem to be an easy way out of his difficulties, but the heart (conscience) *must* speak the truth when standing before Thoth who is Wisdom itself, and in the sacred presence of Osiris. There is no chance of escape from the responsibility for whatever sins have been committed. Then Anubis steps forward and tips the scales to see what they will do. If they balance, the deceased is "justified"; Osiris finds him *Maa-kheru*, "true of voice"; Thoth pronounces the magic words: "His heart is Maat", and the soul receives his heart back again: he is "glorified" —fitted to pass on and again start the struggle upward from that point; while, on the other hand, the "unjustified" dead are handed over to the "Devourer", which means complete annihilation—the final separation of the principles.

So we come to the dividing line (if we may so speak of it) in septenary man. Having passed successfully through the Hall of Judgment, Lower Manas, regenerated and purified, passes upward to blend with the immortal part of man's nature; it is at this point that true consciousness begins. The *Ka* evidently belongs to the plane of Higher Manas, though there is a deep mystery connected with it which has never been solved by Egyptologists, and which has caused much speculation and confusion among them. The Ka has often been spoken of merely as the "double" or "shadow", suggesting the Linga Sârira. It is true that in much of the funerary sculpture (tomb and temple *bas reliefs*) the soul of the Pharaoh whose birth is being recorded, is shown with a strangely exact counterpart which has come into the world with him; a duplicate shape; an apparent replica of the human body, so that the idea of the Linga Sârira—the astral mould of man—is not without good reason. But at least in the early days, when all religious beliefs were so sharply cut, it was the Pharaoh *alone* who was represented with this "double", besides which, the ritual, whence we generally gather more information than we do from the sculpture, gives to the Ka a significance, a power, which the theosophical conception of the Linga Sârira

would by no means warrant. The Ka was of supernatural origin—that is made clear in all that is said of it. Moulded from the "deified substance" of the plane to which it belonged, it had a life of its own, and it was only by attaining to the sublime level of the Ka that man, consisting of the lower principles, could hope to reach to divine life. The Ka was an individual entity, a kind of enduring personality, and if a man lost his Ka (got separated from his Ka) he was counted as dead. Speaking with more truth than he realized, Sayce writes: "Until the person was born, his Ka had no existence; while, on the other hand, it was the Ka to which his existence was owed." Give to this a spiritual interpretation, and we have much light thrown on the meaning of the Ka. Once the Ka had come into being, it was immortal; when the body died, the Ka continued to live an independent existence, conscious and alive. The hieroglyphic sign for the Ka was very significant: two upraised arms—upraised in adoration and worship.

While the Ka was composed of "deified substance", the *Akh* was certainly divine Intelligence—Buddhi; and perhaps even more than the Ka, was considered to be a link between heaven and earth. It was represented by a tall crested ibis, symbol of Thoth or divine Wisdom, and the word Akh itself meant "shining", "luminous", "glorious". It was the most distinctly spiritual of all the principles of man save one, for the Akh, in its "robe of fire", could mount to heaven and become united with the gods. It was often to be seen on early stelæ carried within the aspiring arms of the Ka, as though together, blended, these two principles could reach the final goal.

There remains something which was known as "the Abode of the gods", an all-inclusive principle which is given no specialized name. We are told little that is definite about it, but it seems to have gathered together all the separate principles, to have encompassed them, to have permeated them. It was, of course, a state, not a place. It was *Life*. The object of man's whole existence had been to reach and dwell in this seventh principle—the place where dwelt the gods; it was to this spiritual condition, this high state of consciousness that he aspired; it was toward it that he had climbed the rough and perilous ladder of Life; it was to it, his goal, that he had "ascended".

Such seem to have been the divisions of septenary man, perhaps only dimly apparent to the average student of Theosophy; certainly almost wholly dark and bewildering to most Egyptologists. It will hardly be supposed, however, that the soul can have reached such a lofty state as this, without having passed through many ascending grades of initiations. Needless to say that nowhere in the ancient ritual now available to us, do we find any long and detailed accounts of the greater initiation ceremonies—they would never be given to the world in any such unveiled form. For one thing, they could be described only by those who had passed through them, and this, of course, would never be done. No one else would even dimly understand them. We have but the faintest glimpses of them now, and even then, only in case we are on the alert to seize every hint concerning them; we have echoes from time to time, but only if we are intently listening. The ancient ritual brings them to our notice by almost undecipherable allegory, not otherwise. The soul must have *become* that which it seeks, before

it can comprehend or even recognize the pearl of great price when at last it is found.

There is nothing, however, to prevent us of to-day from using such imagination as we possess in endeavouring to decipher as much as we can of these most ancient and obscure records of a past which reaches back almost *beyond* imagination. We must realize, in the first place, that a description like the Osirian Judgment Scene spoken of above, should be looked upon from two different points of view: that it describes an after-death experience common to all ordinary men—a lesser initiation that comes to every man who faces his own soul at death; but that it also quite obviously points, though very guardedly, to far higher ceremonies for those who can no longer be classed among the merely average. All through the ritual of the *Book of the Dead* we come upon statements which arrest our attention but which are, alas, too often beyond our grasp save in a superficial way. Perhaps this is peculiarly so in the celebrated CXXVth Chapter which is found complete in the Papyrus of Ani; or in such others as "The Raising of the Akh", or "Causing a Flame to Arise", and so on indefinitely. One can hardly open the *Book of the Dead* without coming upon some striking phrase (among the, to us, many meaningless phrases) which seems to spring from the page as something at least semi-comprehensible. To choose at random among many: "My soul shall not be fettered to my body at the gate of death. I shall enter in peace and I shall come forth in peace." Yet most Egyptologists declare that there is no evidence that the Egyptians believed in Reincarnation! Or, evidently affirmed by a soul who has reached the point where he no longer lives in time, but consciously lives in Eternity: "I am yesterday and to-morrow, and I have gained the power to be born a second time." But it is not only in the *Book of the Dead* that we are conscious of the buried occult treasure, for there are other, perhaps less well known works, and we have to try to do our own interpreting, to the best of our poor abilities. In the *Book of the Two Ways* and the *Book of the Gates* (the titles so reminiscent of the *Voice of the Silence* as to make us eager to search for points of comparison) we are told of the fiery portals through which the candidate for initiation must pass; of the sea of fire which must be crossed, and of huge caverns (reminding us of the long subterranean passages where, according to tradition, initiations were held)—passages or caverns where lurked the terrible Apophis, "symbol of human passions" as *The Secret Doctrine* tells us. These ordeals are of such a varied nature, and they are so manifold, that we wonder how the candidate ever emerged alive. But we must read this ritual for ourselves and make our own discoveries and deductions, piecing together the fragments (a sentence here and a paragraph there), until the whole becomes a little more intelligible to us.

For the clearest descriptive references that we can find concerning ancient Egyptian initiations, their solemnity and severity, we must, as usual, turn to *The Secret Doctrine* or to *Isis Unveiled*. Here Madame Blavatsky tells us (also in fragments) of the initiations which took place within the Great Pyramid, which, we are assured, was built for that very purpose. If we look up every reference both to initiations and to Initiates, we shall find, as a result, an immense

amount of information, though, of course, so scattered as to require much patience when endeavouring to make any kind of sequence. The hints we have of the ceremonies are, however, graphic in the extreme, even though brief. We are awed as we read. Among others, there is a beautiful description of the candidate who, up to this point having successfully passed through all trials, is laid (while plunged in a deep trance) upon a couch constructed in the form of the Egyptian Tau (a form of the Cross), this in its turn being placed in the "baptismal font"—the Sarcophagus in the "King's Chamber"—and left there for two days. During the night of the approaching third day, the candidate is carried on this cruciform couch to the entrance of a gallery where, at a certain hour, the beams of the rising sun strike full upon his face—the "Mystic Birth" has taken place, and he himself rises "deified" in a new and imperishable resurrection body. There are not a few Egyptian *bas reliefs* which eloquently picture this dramatic moment. A particularly fine example of Amenhotep III (XVIIIth Dynasty) comes to mind. Horus and Thoth, the two Hierophants, stand beside him pouring the Water of Life—the Water of Purification—over him, so that the two streams, forming a cross above his head, fall upon his shoulders and into the palms of his hands, while they cry: "Awake! Thy sufferings are allayed. Stand up! Thou art triumphant. . . . The Great God speaks to thee." After which it is said in comment: "He drinks the running Water of the Stream of Life; he shines like a star in the sky." And referring to the indissoluble union between the soul and its Master, are added the words: "Thou shalt traverse Eternity with joy, and with the praise of thy God who is in thee."

HETEP-EN-NETER.

He who hath vanquished in thy name, O Lord, hath vanquished indeed. Yea, there is a light about him; yea, there is a strength about him; for he lives not by his own life, but by the uncreate life from Above. And as a bright star emerges in the evening sky, even so he shall shine forth from the Sacred Land upon the shadows of the unregenerate.—BOOK OF THE ANCIENT DAYS.

AN IMPERIAL HEREDITY

AKBAR, Emperor of India from 1556 to 1605, and one of the great rulers of the world, had an heredity worthy of his achievements. It included both of the two great Asiatic conquerors. He was seventh in the direct male line from Timurlane, and, through his great-grandmother, was descended from Genghis Khan as well. Where the hierarchical principle has not been broken down and castes confused by democracy, it often happens that many of the qualities which a man has won by his own efforts in former lives, are transmitted to him by Karma, as of right his, through the physical heredity of his new birth. Strictly speaking, it is not powers but tendencies that are transmitted by heredity, tendencies which make the acquisition of particular powers easy or difficult. It is the task of each man, of each soul, to train his new instrument himself in each new incarnation. But there are times when Karma can choose, for one who has earned it, a birth in which the hereditary tendencies, the family tradition of honour, and the noble example of immediate ancestors, are all in harmony with the task of his soul. As the *Bhagavad Gîta* says: "Such a birth in this world is hard to attain". It would seem that Akbar attained it. He had the warrior qualities of his great ancestors. He had also the chivalry, the generosity to a beaten foe, the love of beauty, of justice, and the personal fearlessness that were so marked in his grandfather Babur, and to a less extent, in his father Humayun.

All true religions are warrior religions, and he who seeks to know the truth and, consciously or unconsciously, to do the will of the Lodge in the world, has need of the warrior spirit. Akbar gave his life to the search for truth and to the effort to achieve a noble ideal. As a boy, he pictured an India no longer torn by internal dissensions, petty kingdom warring against petty kingdom, race fighting race, the adherents of the religion dominant for the moment persecuting those who did not believe as they did; but, in place of all this, an India at peace, united under one Emperor as Overlord, yet with each race free to develop its own genius under its own rulers, each man free to worship as his conscience dictated, according the same tolerance to others that he asked for himself. This fundamental theosophical ideal, Akbar achieved in large measure. Possessed at the beginning of his reign of only a corner of the Puñjab, at his death he ruled India from sea to sea, from Kabul on the north to the Deccan on the south. Where he ruled, there was justice, peace and tolerance. In Europe at this same time, there were the religious wars, the Spanish Inquisition, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

Akbar was great not only as a conqueror and administrator, but also as a patron of science, art and literature. It is to him that India owes the translation into the popular tongue of many Sanskrit works including the *Atharva Veda*, the *Ramâyana*, the *Mahabharata* with the *Bhagavad Gîta*, and many

others. Akbar showed his sense of humour by setting one of the most narrow-minded and bigoted Mahometans at his court, to translating the *Bhagavad Gîta*.

But to students of Theosophy, Akbar is especially interesting because the passion of his life was not power or conquest, or even the accomplishment of his dream for India; his passion was the search for religious truth. He sought it all his life and in many ways. One of his methods suggested a Theosophical Society Branch meeting. It cannot be without significance that Madame Blavatsky included Akbar in the *Theosophical Glossary*, where one will look in vain for most of the great rulers of the world. She does not mention Rameses, Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon. Of Akbar, she writes:

"Akbar. The great Mogul Emperor of India, the famous patron of religions, arts and sciences, the most liberal of all the Mussulman sovereigns. There has never been a more tolerant or enlightened ruler than the Emperor Akbar, either in India or in any other Mahometan country."

When a man, at the instance of a vision, accomplishes great good in the world, we may be sure that behind him was the hand of the Lodge. When to that vision are added mystical experiences and a passionate longing for the truth, a longing as of a man seeking a treasure he has once had and lost, or of an exile yearning for his home, we may wonder if it is not the memory of a real connection with the Lodge that has been trying to break through to his consciousness. "By their fruits." Akbar accomplished great good. Perhaps he was a chêla who, before he incarnated, deliberately gave up the consciousness of his Lodge connection that he might do his work in the world. Perhaps that consciousness was in some measure regained before his death. Perhaps, on the other hand, the conscious agent of the Lodge was not Akbar, but one who stood back of him, possibly unknown to history, yet guiding and inspiring him.

Akbar's heredity is interesting, not only for the light it throws on his qualities, but even more for the many splendid instances of courage, perseverance and self-sacrifice to be found in the annals of his ancestors. His grandfather, Babur, "the lion", is one of the most fascinating, recklessly courageous and joyously romantic warrior princes in history. Babur began his career of conquest when eleven years old, the accidental death of his father in a landslide leaving him sovereign of the tiny kingdom of Ferghana, famed for the lovely beauty of its valleys and the speed and strength of its horses. Immediately on hearing of the death of his father, Babur sprang to the saddle to take over the defence of his kingdom from three invading armies. The sword he drew then was seldom out of his hand throughout the rest of his life. He had been brought up on stories of his great ancestor, Timurlane, and, as a boy, dreamed of recapturing his capital, Samarcand, then one of the great cities of Asia, and establishing himself there on Timurlane's throne. There was no law of primogeniture among the Mahometans, and most of the descendants of Timurlane seem to have felt that they were by right entitled to any part of his vast empire that they could take and hold. Before Babur was fifteen, he assembled an army

and took Samarcand, but could only hold it for a hundred days and then lost it, at which, boy as he was, he confesses he "could not help crying a good deal". That mood did not last long. Two days after his defeat, he was challenging one of his officers to a horse race.

Subsequently, mainly as a result of an acute illness at a critical moment, Babur lost his own kingdom of Ferghana, and was for some years a fugitive, hiding among the loyal shepherds of his wild native hills. He did not cry then. They were an indomitable race, the house of Timur, ever wringing victory from what seemed hopeless defeat. Learning that the Uzbek ruler of Samarcand had left it on an expedition, Babur resolved on a bold stroke. With only two hundred and forty men, he made a dash for the city, scaled the walls in a surprise attack at night, overpowered the garrison, and by boldness and rapidity gave the citizens the impression that he was at the head of a large army. They declared for him, and he maintained himself there against all attacks for nearly a year. Then once more he had to fly, and became a homeless fugitive, often in such dire poverty that even his servants had to leave him, not from disloyalty but from absolute hunger. After several years of adventurous wandering, he saw his chance, assembled a force, swooped down on Kabul, took it, and established himself as King. This was in 1504, when Babur, in spite of adventures enough to fill a long life, was not yet twenty-three years old.

We cannot follow him through the vicissitudes of the next twenty-two years. They were many. He escaped alone from a mutinous army bent on his death; he was left in the face of a powerful insurrection with but five hundred loyal troops, and only saved his kingdom by his speed of action, brilliant generalship and personal intrepidity. He retook Samarcand, only to lose it for the third time. Then he turned to India, took Delhi and established himself as Emperor there—not without homesick longing for the cool hills and lovely vales of his native Ferghana. Warrior as he was, he loved beauty passionately. "This hardy soldier, this marvellous fighter, who swims every river he comes across astonishes us by his singular sensibility. A man could win his heart by his love of poetry as surely as by his swordsmanship. Was he flying from his enemies in bitter weather with a handful of followers? He would compose a few couplets as he rode, and his spirit revived as by magic. But it was his intense delight in the beauty of the world which made so large a part of his unquenchable zest in life. Was ever such a lover of flowers? His first thought in a newly acquired territory was to make a garden, himself superintending the disposition of the beds and the leading of fresh runnels of water among them."[1] His favorite poetry was that of the Sufi mystics.

As a soldier, Babur was absolutely fearless, almost to the point of recklessness, swift and resolute in decision and action, a strict disciplinarian, loyal to his friends, generous and chivalrous to a beaten foe. It was in gratitude for the courtesy and consideration with which she and her family had been treated, that the widow of a fallen Rajput chieftain presented Babur's son, Humayun, with the famous Koh-i-Nur diamond. His chivalry was not always so requited.

[1] *Akbar*, Binyon, page 27.

After the conquest of Agra, Babur acted toward the widowed queen of his beaten foe with the utmost respect, and, with princely generosity, assigned her a special palace and revenues of $350,000 a year. In return, through bribing his cook, she very nearly succeeded in an effort to poison him.

Together with the splendid qualities that Babur transmitted to his descendants, there was one that was to cost India dear, and that almost cost Babur his empire,—a tendency to drink to excess. Babur was always master of himself in a crisis, but that was not true of some of his descendants. His son Humayun was reported to have been at times addicted to opium, which may have accounted in part for the loss of his kingdom. Akbar fought and conquered the family failing in himself, but it reappeared again in his sons and grandsons, with tragic consequences. Babur himself yielded to it a few days before the critical battle that was to decide whether Rajput or Moghul was to be master of India. Weary of waiting for the Rajput army to attack, he spent several days drinking in his tent. An Afghan astrologer took the opportunity to go up and down throughout the army, assuring the superstitious soldiers that the omens were most unpropitious, and that defeat was sure. A large number of desertions followed and the morale of the entire army was shaken. Babur aroused himself. He says in his *Memoirs* that he had always resolved "one time or another, to make an effectual repentance". He had a deep faith, and he determined to deserve help from Heaven by renouncing his besetting sin. As he himself records it:

I said to myself, "O, my soul

(Persian verse)
How long wilt thou continue to take pleasure in sin?
Repentance is not unpalatable—taste it.
(Turki verse)
How great has been thy defilement from sin!
How much pleasure thou didst take in despair!
How long hast thou been the slave of thy passions!
How much of thy life hast thou thrown away!
Since thou hast set out on a holy war,
Thou hast seen death before thine eyes for thy salvation.
He who resolves to sacrifice his life to save himself
Shall attain that exalted state which thou knowest.
Keep thyself far away from all forbidden enjoyments;
Cleanse thyself from all thy sins."

Having withdrawn myself from such temptation, I vowed never more to drink wine. Having sent for the gold and silver goblets and cups, with all the other utensils used for drinking parties, I directed them to be broken, and renounced the use of wine, purifying my mind. The fragments of the goblets and other utensils of gold and silver I directed to be divided among the dervishes and the poor.[2]

In connection with what Babur says of purifying his mind, it is worth noting that, soldier of fortune and occasional hard drinker though he was, he never permitted the slightest approach to grossness in the conversation of those about him.

[2] *Memoirs of Babur*, p. 354.

Thereafter, observing the universal discouragement and want of spirit in his troops, Babur called an assembly of all his Amirs and officers and addressed them:

Noblemen and soldiers! Every man that comes into the world is subject to dissolution. When we are passed away and gone, God alone survives unchangeable.

Whoever comes to the feast of Life, must, before it is over, drink from the cup of Death. He who arrives at the inn of Mortality must one day inevitably take his departure from that house of sorrow—the world. How much better it is to die with honour than to live with infamy!

With fame, even if I die, I am contented. Let fame be mine since my body is Death's. The Most High God has been propitious to us and has now placed us in such a crisis that if we fall in the field, we die the death of martyrs; if we survive we rise victorious, the avengers of the cause of God. Let us, then, with one accord, swear on God's holy word, that none of us will even think of turning his face from this warfare, nor desert from the battle and slaughter that ensues, till his soul is separated from his body.

The spirit aroused in the army by this speech contributed much towards the victory that followed.

The two armies met at Kanua a few days later, March 16th, 1527, in a battle that ended all hope of Rajput supremacy in India. The reckless courage and dash of the Rajput cavalry could not make up for their lack of fire-arms. Babur's artillery decimated their ranks and so reduced their numbers that at the close of the day they could not stand against the charge of Moghul horsemen led by Babur himself.[3] The rout that followed broke the power of the Rajput confederacy and left Babur without a serious rival. One is tempted to wonder what India would be to-day had the victory turned the other way, and Rajput rule been established under the supremacy of the Sesodia Princes of Mewar. The Sesodia are the oldest ruling family in the world, tracing their descent from Rama himself, and with a marvellous record of heroism and chivalry behind them. They still rule their ancient state, amazing visiting Englishmen by their charm and "divine manners".

Babur had a deep faith in God and a firm conviction of the efficacy of prayer when accompanied by self-sacrifice. Three years after the victory of Kanua, his eldest and deeply loved son, Humayun, was suddenly taken desperately ill, with high fever and other symptoms that forced the royal physicians to report that there was no hope for his life. Babur's own health must have been magnificent. Only a few weeks before, though not pressed for time, he had ridden one hundred and sixty miles in two days, swimming the Ganges twice on the way, just for the joy of living. On hearing the physicians' report, he instantly resolved to offer his own life in place of his son's. The few among his friends who knew of his purpose, urged him to offer the great Koh-i-Nur diamond instead, but he brushed them aside, saying: "Can any stone be weighed against the life of my son? I will pay with my own."

Going to his son's bedside, he walked three times around the bed, prayed with passionate intensity, and then, his face radiant with joy, cried to those present: "I have borne it away. I have borne it away".

[3] Todd (*Annals of Rajasthan*, p. 356) says the Rajput defeat was due to the treachery of one of the Rajput leaders.

Whatever modern materialism may say, the historic fact is indisputable that Humayun's illness took a marvellous turn for the better and that within a few hours he was pronounced out of danger. As he regained his strength, Babur sickened and, a few months later, died.

What a splendid addition that incident makes to the annals of heroism! This fearless, chivalrous warrior, still in the prime of manhood, full of the zest of living, a passionate lover of beauty, whether in nature, art or poetry, a lover, too, of courage, of danger and adventure, with the sceptre of India in his hand, its wealth and power at his feet, with everything to live for, deliberately giving his life for the son he loved, and giving it with gladness and enthusiasm. His own view of death, he had written in his diary some years before: "To die with friends is a nuptial".

The episode that led to his quoting that proverb is so characteristic that it is worth repeating. Babur and his escort, while crossing a high mountain pass, had been caught in a violent blizzard accompanied by extreme cold. Some of the party discovered a small cave, capable of holding a few men, and took shelter there from the terrible wind, begging the Emperor to join them. He refused, for he never willingly let his men endure hardships that he did not share, a fact that had much to do with the splendid discipline in his armies. Subsequently he wrote in his diary:

> I did not go into the cave because this was in my mind: some of my men in snow and storm, I in the comfort of a warm house! the whole horde outside in misery, I inside sleeping at ease; that would be far from a man's act, quite another matter than comradeship. What strong men stand, I will stand; for, as the Persian proverb says, to die with friends is a nuptial.[4]

Babur died before he had had time to consolidate his power, leaving a task of great difficulty to his son. He further increased that difficulty by his dying injunction to Humayun to take no drastic action against his brothers, "even though they deserve it". Humayun, generous and loyal, carried out his promise, to his great cost, as long as it was humanly possible. He had many of Babur's fine qualities, but lacked his energy and swift decision. We have already noted the report that he was at times addicted to the use of opium. It must have been only at times, for there were long periods in his life when he showed the fortitude in adversity, the heroic courage, the refusal to accept defeat as final, that was so characteristic of his father. He had, too, his father's chivalry. An instance of this, indicating his ability to understand and enter into the Rajput chivalric customs—an ability which Akbar shared and which proved of immense value to him—is worth narrating.

Babur's chief antagonist at the battle of Kanua had been the Sesodia Prince, Singram Sing, Ruler of Mewar, so that Humayun had little cause to love the Sesodias. The great losses of the Rajputs at Kanua had seriously weakened Mewar. It was invaded by the King of Gujarat, who, possessed of artillery served by Portuguese artillerymen, had already conquered the neighbouring state of Malwa, and hoped to add Mewar to his kingdom. Singram Sing had

[4] *Pageant of India*, Waley, p. 237.

died soon after the defeat of Kanua. His widow, Queen Kurnavati, brave, clear-sighted and resourceful, like so many of the Rajput women, determined to appeal to the generosity of Humayun. He was the son of her husband's great foe, but brave men respect each other.[5] There is an old custom in Rajput chivalry under which any Rajputni, maiden, wife or widow, may, in time of peril, send her bracelet to her chosen cavalier, who, if he accept it, thereupon becomes her "bracelet-bound brother", bound to go to her assistance or forfeit his honour. No breath of scandal ever touches this relationship. The cavalier neither expects nor receives any reward; he may not even see the object of his chivalrous devotion, in whose aid he risks or perhaps gives his life. Yet no honour was more coveted by the Rajput noble than that of the bracelet.

Kurnavati sent her bracelet to Humayun, who received it with every manifestation of pride in her trust, and returned word that henceforth he was pledged to her service. Meanwhile the armies of Gujarat had closed around Chitor, capital of Mewar. Humayun assembled an army and hastened to its relief. Unfortunately, before he could reach it, the walls were breached by the Gujarat artillery and the capture of the city the next day was seen to be inevitable. Kurnavati led thirteen thousand Rajput women in slow procession into a vast vault filled with gunpowder, and set it alight; the few remaining Rajput warriors threw open the gates and charged into the foe, to die, sword in hand, to the last man. For the second time in its history, an invading army entering Chitor, found it a silent city of the dead.

Humayun was too late to save Kurnavati, his sister of the bracelet, but, true to his pledge, he drove out the invaders and re-established Kurnavati's young son on the throne of his fathers, where his descendants rule to this day.

It would be interesting to know the real origin of the custom of the bracelet. The chivalric codes may well have been founded by the Lodge itself, to train men in selfless devotion to an ideal. When a man has once gained the power of such selfless devotion, it can then be turned and given to his Master, to whom it belongs. Devotion to a woman is one of the powerful forces that move men, and when purified of self and of all desire for any return, would be a step in preparation for chêlaship. There were somewhat similar customs in Provence when chivalry was at its height but, unfortunately, there they seem to have degenerated rapidly. In Rajputana they remained pure.

Humayun's position in India was greatly weakened by the disloyalty of his brothers, so much so that, in 1540, ten years after his accession to the throne, he was overwhelmingly defeated by the Pathan, Sher Shah, and, with only a few faithful followers, had to flee northward to the desert, hotly pursued by his enemies. For nearly a year he went from petty chieftain to petty chieftain, sheltered for a time and then forced to resume his flight by threatened treachery or by the approach of his enemies. His misfortune was not without its compensation, for early in this period he met Hamida, the noble-minded and beautiful daughter of a Persian teacher of religion. She was only fourteen and her

[5] Rana Singram Sing, Kurnavati's husband, had lost in battle at one time or another, one eye, one arm, the use of one leg, and counted eighty sword or lance wounds in various parts of his body (*Annals of Rajasthan*, Todd, Vol. 1, p. 358).

parents had regarded her as still too young to veil her face. It probably seemed an unimportant decision to them, but it affected the destiny of all India, for her unveiled beauty enraptured Humayun. He asked for her hand. Hamida's father was at first strongly opposed to his lovely daughter's marrying a landless fugitive, but it was a case of love at first sight on both sides, and in a few days they were married. From that time, Hamida, who was to be Akbar's mother, accompanied Humayun in his exile. It was a very happy marriage, for Hamida's nobility of character was as marked as her beauty. Two or three months before the birth of Akbar, word was brought to Humayun, in the middle of the night, of the approach of a hostile body of cavalry intent on his capture. Hurriedly mounting Hamida and the few faithful adherents left him, on such horses or camels as could be found, they fled toward the desert. The pursuit was so hot that Humayun's horse dropped dead from exhaustion. He mounted a camel until one of his followers, taking his own mother's horse, gave it to the king, and, placing his mother upon the camel, ran himself thereafter beside her on foot.

Humayun, mounted once more, sent the women of the party on ahead, and turned back himself with all who were able to fight, so as to delay the pursuit. In the darkness the two forces missed each other. In the morning, a group of twenty of Humayun's men fell in with a much larger body of the enemy. They attacked with reckless courage and succeeded in killing the leader of the pursuers. The rest fled. Humayun rejoined his party and continued across the desert. The water holes they had counted on were dry, and for four days they suffered terribly from thirst and intense heat. Some died and others went mad. During all this period, Hamida said not a word of her own anguish, but showed the utmost solicitude for the suffering of the other members of the party. They finally reached Amercote where the Rajah received them with all the courtesy due a sovereign. There, two or three months later, on November 23rd, 1542, Hamida gave birth to Akbar. He was first named "The full moon of religion", Badru-d din, but this subsequently became Jalalu-d din Muhammad Akbar, the name by which he is known to history,—Jalalu-d din meaning, "The splendour of religion".

It was customary for a ruler, on the birth of an heir, to distribute rich gifts to his officers. Humayun had nothing to give, so he sent for a pod of musk, broke it and distributed a few seeds to each of his officers, saying: "This is all the present I can afford to make you on the birth of my son, whose fame will, I trust, be one day expanded over the world, as the perfume of this musk now fills this room."

The vicissitudes of Humayun's fortunes during the next twelve years supplied the growing Akbar with the same invaluable training through adversity, constant peril and warfare, that fate had given to his father and his grandfather. Humayun was alternately king and fugitive. He took and lost, and retook and lost again, city after city. The child Akbar was twice captured by his enemies. The first time, when Akbar was scarcely a year old, Humayun was suddenly attacked by one of his brothers with a greatly superior force. With

only forty men, and so short of horses that he had to take Hamida behind him on his own steed, Humayun just succeeded in escaping to the mountains. Akbar was captured and sent to Kandahar, where his aunt took excellent care of him, until, a year or so later, Humayun returned at the head of an army and recovered both the city and his son. He was captured again a few years afterwards when, during Humayun's absence, the city of Kabul was seized by Camran, another brother of Humayun, in a surprise attack. When Humayun returned and laid siege to the city, Akbar was deliberately exposed on the ramparts in the line of Humayun's artillery fire. Needless to say, the artillery fire was stopped, but the city was taken without its aid, and Akbar was restored to his father.

In spite of his reverses, Humayun, with his father Babur's indomitable refusal to accept defeat as final, found himself, after twelve years of fighting, in a position to invade India in the hope of recovering the throne that had been his father's and his own. Akbar, though only twelve, was of the age at which his grandfather had successfully defended his kingdom of Ferghana, and was now an experienced warrior. The Pathans outnumbered the Moghuls by more than four to one, but Humayun was fortunate in having a very able general, Bairam Khan, whose skilful generalship, and the impetuous courage of the boy Akbar, who, with Bairam, led the final charge of Moghul cavalry, gained a decisive victory; whereupon Humayun re-entered Delhi in triumph as Emperor.

He did not live to enjoy his triumph long. About six months after his victory, in January, 1556, he started to descend the outside stairway from his tower library, where he had been reading, for he was a cultured scholar as well as a soldier. The call to prayer sounded and Humayun paused to pray. On rising, he slipped on the marble steps and fell some twenty feet to the ground. He died in a few days from his injuries, and Akbar, at only thirteen, came into his inheritance.

J. F. B. Mitchell.

The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.—Emerson.

THEOSOPHY AND ITS CRITICS

IT was a young friend, fresh from graduate studies in a big university, who began it. "You Theosophists are as dogmatic as the Roman Catholics; you swallow uncritically everything ever written by Blavatsky or Judge or the QUARTERLY contributors, as if they were the only people in the world who ever knew anything."

The attack was so sudden and unexpected that his hearer gasped. Thrown off his guard and unable for a moment to rally his scattered wits, he began a feeble defence: . . . must not confuse individual opinions with official pronouncements . . . imperfect exponents of Theosophy like himself . . . regrets for occasions when, in the heat of argument, he had departed from his ideal and had tried to force a point of view. . . .

But his foe was scornful of such subterfuges and advanced to the charge with a final withering remark: "It isn't you I'm talking about; it is the attitude of all the members of the Society. I despise that QUARTERLY."

Well, well, this was getting interesting with a vengeance, and the victim, upon whose head the storm had descended, began to pluck up courage and crawl out from the debris. He had had the awful feeling that ignorance and an undisciplined tongue might have misinterpreted and betrayed his Cause, but now he found himself regarded as a worthy exemplar of an unworthy Movement, saturated with its faults of dogmatism, tarred with the same brush, fit only to be excluded from the society of the learned and cultured and critical.

So the young man took himself off, evidently distressed that one whose earlier years had given some small promise of individual accomplishment, should have surrendered his birthright of free opinion to H.P.B., and weakly accepted the dogmas of Theosophy.

The incident has its grimly amusing side, but behind its superficial humour there stands a challenge, not to our self-justification, but to our understanding. What lay back of this man's explosion? He was no fool; on the contrary he was outstanding in his keen intellect and his sincere, though often extreme, expressions of opinions. Neither was he ignorant of theosophic teaching; he had, in fact, at one time spoken of joining the Society. Fearless, intuitive, possessing a keen though mordant humour, a man of literary talent—what had he found in the QUARTERLY and in other theosophical writings to incense and antagonize him, and to lead to the criticism which he voiced?

If this were an isolated instance we might pass it off lightly as the explosion of a muddled mind impatient with the seeming paradoxes and subtilties of metaphysical Theosophy, but, far from being exceptional, it voices the opinion of the greater part of the scholarly world toward Theosophy and The Theosophical Society. But the instance is not completely typical, and therein lies

its significance and value to us. In fact it rises from a much higher level than the ordinary stupid, ignorant hostility with which we are so wearyingly familiar, and is a reaction with which every perfectionist system, whether Roman Catholic monasticism or ethical Theosophy, must often deal.

For the moment, however, we shall overlook the emotional aspect of the criticism levelled at us by our friend, though we are well aware that when passion comes in at the door, reason flies out of the window. We shall assume that it is the outcome of an unprejudiced analysis and a dispassionate study, and shall examine the imputation that Theosophy is a dogmatic teaching. It is an old charge and one which has, again and again, been dealt with in these pages, but whose disproof seems to be a necessary cyclic phenomenon.

Dogma is defined by Webster as: A doctrine or body of doctrines of theology and religion formally stated and authoritatively proclaimed by a church or sect, especially the Roman Catholic sect; while the Standard Dictionary says: Doctrine asserted and adopted on authority as distinguished from that which is the result of one's reasoning or experience.

We must suppose that the amazing attitude toward truth implied in these definitions is really held by intelligent people, inconceivable as it may be to us. For we believe that it is through the method of science and not through dogma that man attains knowledge, and the method of science is the method of Theosophy.

Few scientists and fewer laymen concern themselves with basic principles, and, in consequence, ignorance and confusion are widespread as to the character of the scientific field, the scientific method, and the nature of scientific truth. The scientific field can be quickly delimited: in practice it is the field which can be contacted by the five senses, and the careful scientist suspends judgment regarding everything which transcends this sort of exploration. The scientific method is the method of research whereby, faced with a problem, one previsions a possible solution, sets his senses, mind and will to the acquisition of data which conduce to establish or nullify his suspicion, and finally formulates his conclusions into a generalization which may serve as a guide to further research. Such is the process through which all scientific advance is accomplished, whether it be a demonstration of the constitution of the sun's corona, or the structural formula of benzine. In every instance where the problem takes the investigator outside the field of immediate sensuous contacts, and where delicately devised instruments must be employed to detect what the grosser human senses fail to record immediately, the validity of the explanation is largely proportional to the number of independent lines of evidence which converge toward a single point. Scientific truth, then, is never absolute in the sense implied by the word "dogma". All scientific knowledge is tentative, and a hypothesis, a theory, and a law, differ only in the relative amounts of evidential logic which may be marshalled in their support, and not at all in kind. If we aver that "seeing is believing", it is only because we are seeing-animals, and rather naïvely prejudiced toward that particular form of testimony. In strictness we ought rather to say: "I see it, therefore it is not

so." Indeed, apart from all epistemological theories, we know that in very truth, when put to the proof, we reject the testimony of the senses in favour of reason and logic. Though the sun "rises and sets" in every language, and though it "moves south in winter and north in summer", our reason accepts alternative explanations which directly counter the assertion of the senses to the contrary. Yet this which we accept so easily—this "fact" of diurnal rotation or of annual revolution about the sun—involves no small amount of careful observation and difficult inductive reasoning. It is the logical outcome of numerous lines of converging argument, and it most easily and satisfactorily explains a certain set of physical phenomena. This, and no more, is what we mean by a scientific explanation. The solution is provisional, correct so far as it covers the known facts, but liable to be superseded to-morrow by an explanation given in terms of deeper knowledge. Indeed we are in the very midst of a scientific revolution which calls in question much of the older physics and reinterprets physical facts in terms of more recondite modes of existence. The Newtonian laws still hold upon their own plane—the plane of 3-space and time, from the study of whose seemingly invariable processes they were formulated; but the newer principles, relating to a superior plane, reveal more truly the nature of the laws themselves.

But does any man with the normal amount of brains accept as dogma, or as "assertion on authority", the statement that the earth circles the sun anually? No! We repeat that the statement is a tentative solution of a certain problem toward which the available lines of argument appear to converge.

The element of faith enters into the system of science as it enters into the system of dogma. The scientist has complete faith in the integrity—the "infallibility" if we will—of the natural order: he believes that nature plays square. Moreover he has faith in his predecessors as honest men who, nevertheless, were subject to errors of judgment and may have gone seriously awry in their interpretations of nature. A biologist who discovers living organisms in a supposedly sterile flask of culture media, will not generally jump to the rash conclusion that he has disproved the work of Pasteur and Tyndall; rather he will look for a crack in the glass, or a loose cotton plug. Yet, on the contrary, there still remains the possibility that Pasteur and Tyndall were wrong, and that under exceptional conditions spontaneous generation might occur. Had Clerk-Maxwell's impenetrable atom been accepted as "infallibly impenetrable", it would never have been smashed.

The dogmatist, on the other hand, gives his faith not only to the revelation of truth through nature, but places it likewise and in the same supreme degree in the human mediator who enunciates the truth. This attitude, so it seems to science, is irrational and utterly unwarranted by historical experience. Dogma has been overthrown time and time again and has been forced to retreat before the advance of rational thought.

The tendency to dogmatize seems to be inherent in human beings, who like to arrogate to themselves the attributes of the Absolute. Scientists are no more free from the vice than are the theologians whom they often criticize so

severely, though they have less cloak for their sin. For, in theory, the scientist repudiates dogma as a vice while the theologian extremist clings to it as a virtue.

The method of science outlined above is the precise method of Theosophy in those reaches at least which are accessible to ordinary powers. If this remark be attributed to the writer's "dogmatism", the possible critic can at least give him the benefit of the doubt. He has been a member of The Theosophical Society for nearly a quarter of a century; he has read most of its literature; he is not wholly unfamiliar with its earlier expressions in history. Speaking in the same critical sense with which he would review a work on "Protoplasm" or "A History of Science", he avers that any man who accuses The Theosophical Society, whose organ is the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, of dogmatic teaching, is ignorant of the Society and its real teaching, is using words loosely, or is either unconsciously or consciously dishonest. For many years the writer, a teacher of science, has made but one distinction between the two disciplines, and this distinction, a purely arbitrary and artificial one, is too tenuous to be maintained in practice. Physical science, as its name implies, deals only with physical things, while Theosophy carries its investigations outside the physical world. But the limitation of physical science which rests upon unfortunate historical misconceptions, is neither rational nor tenable. Modern research has been forced to overpass it, and, in so doing, has swept aside the last small difference which separates science from that aspect of Theosophy which is "the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature". The reservation should be noted. Theosophy is more than an extension of science, just as life includes more than the activity of the intellect, and it may be that in the realm of the "more" lies all that is of ultimate value to the race.

We have been told that Theosophy is an ancient system, and our own studies of ancient writings have confirmed the fact; that its principles were, in the first instance, wrested from nature by the severest sort of experimental methods and often at the cost of the lives of the researchers. It is evident that they were formulated with algebraic brevity and precision by minds of no mean order of intelligence, and were given freely to younger students as guides to the solution of this highly complex world-problem. Such students, with the same quality of faith in their predecessors as young scientists have in Newton, Darwin, Huxley, or in their immediate professor of chemistry, physics or biology, discovered that the principles "worked", and that within the area where one could test them deductively, they explained the facts of the world and of man *better than any other known hypotheses*. Thus generation after generation added its contribution to the mighty structure reared by those who preceded them. They came to know that the "head" of Theosophy cannot be separated from its "heart" and its "hand", and so, in good time, they came, perchance, to the fulness of the stature of men. But all this is only the attainment of truth through scientific research and the application of discovery to life with a kind of unshrinking integrity.

As to the transcendental levels of experience to which Theosophy points,

and to whose reality we may be incapable as yet of offering either positive or negative judgment, we shall be unworthy the name of scientists if we set aside the positive testimony of so many honest men of the past, and try to make all possible experience conform to the littleness of our own minds and hearts. Dogma lies in denial as well as in affirmation, and in so far as men rashly deny the possibility of sure experience in supersensuous regions, their agnosticism counts not a feather's weight in the face of logic and the mighty testimony of history.

Thus far we have taken our critic's imputation of dogma at its face value. We have regarded it as an outcome of honest confusion which might be cleared away by patient explanation. Yet we know very well that our well-intentioned effort will avail nothing. For in truth we are dealing, not with honest confusion, but with an emotional and irrational prejudice which blinds the mind, submerges the sense of justice, and leads to unconscious dishonesty. To that far more serious aspect of the matter we shall now turn our attention.

The university trained man is exposed to an unfortunate environment which tends to cultivate and enhance the very qualities which are most inimical to sound judgment. For though widely proclaimed as the ideal of scholarship, dispassionate investigation is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The virtues of sincerity and intellectual integrity are swept away on a tide of unworthy emotions, so that academic criticisms become notoriously and deplorably unfair, and provoke endless recriminations. The latest contribution to knowledge, all too often rushed into print to push its author and its school into prominence, is scanned for its errors rather than its truths, and though the hard-working editors of the learned journals do their best to keep from their pages the most glaring instances of childishness and insolence, which, allowed to stand, might well involve them in slander suits, their vigilance is not always sufficient to keep out sentences which reveal the temper of the contributors. In private conversation, with the censor absent, the unadorned wretchedness of the situation is revealed in its true colours. Scandal and malicious gossip are rife among "intellectuals", and one soon learns that the fair-fronted college catalogue and the learned journal are veritable whited sepulchres.

The effect of this tainted atmosphere on a man of mediocre abilities is utterly pernicious. He becomes a fawning hypocrite and time-server in his own camp, and a cowardly assassin of decent people who differ from him. This is the sort of jackal which hounded H.P.B. and which continues to snap at Theosophy. The QUARTERLY, for instance, challenges his vanity and that of his masters on all the levels accessible to them. The theosophical metaphysics suggests experience of a realm to which his kind pronounces entrance impossible; it holds up an absolute code of truth and right when he has returned a verdict in favour of the more convenient doctrine of the relativity of standards; it shows irritating evidence of insight into the weakness and illogicality of his position; it speaks unwelcome and homely truths which he regards as a standing affront. Unable to meet the challenge honestly, he resorts to the

contemptible subterfuges of his kind—dogmatic denial of facts, ridicule, malicious slander, hypocritical deprecation and charges of plagiarism. Yet in these charges, though he little suspects it, he only exposes the shame of his own nature and his incapacity either to appreciate or to understand that which is true and noble. Blind to substance, he judges only by form, and sets the counterfeiter and mountebank higher than the honest workman. How should he be able to understand that the articles in the QUARTERLY are the offerings of souls upon the altar. Simple or profound, springing from the shallows of knowledge or from the depths of great experience, clothed in homespun speech or in the sweet majesty of royal English prose, their quality removes them from his ken. They threaten the very foundations of his existence and he fears and hates them as the criminal fears and hates the secular law.

The men and women who write for the QUARTERLY make no claim to high scholarship or stylistic graces, yet we venture to say that writing neither for display nor profit nor fame, but only with an earnest desire to set forth fittingly the beauty of that fragment of truth which they have perceived, their work will still live when the scholarly treatises and doctoral theses will have crumbled to dust. Heaven and earth have different standards of values, and immortal life is of the substance, not the form. The Scribes and Pharisees were learned doctors in their day, but they were not asked to record the New Testament.

Now our young friend who despises "that QUARTERLY" is not of this breed of wasters and time-servers, for, paradoxical as it may appear, he is an excellent theosophist temporarily in difficulties through colliding with a principle which *Light on the Path* puts in these words: "For these vices of the ordinary man pass through a subtle transformation and reappear with changed aspect in the heart of the disciple." His eyes are wide open to the unhappy nature of the university world. Saturated with the substance as well as the form of the great masters of English literature, he dashes into battle prepared to strike masterful blows for the glory of the faith which they upheld so valorously. A creative and meteoric soul, his erratic passage deflates successfully a considerable number of academic windbags to the discomfiture of officialdom, throws the social instruments out of adjustment, and leaves a long trail of smouldering resentments in its wake.

Let us suppose that our gay young blade—this flail in the hands of the Lord—runs up against the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. Insensibly he has been losing his faith in the sincerity and spiritual integrity of his fellow men. He finds that his friends, even, are tainted with dogmatism, and with the uncritical emotionalism of blind faith! Insensibly, too, he has been taking on that subtle and dangerous opinion that "everybody is out of step but Jimmy". He alone is sincere; he alone remains true to the faith of Shelley, Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson; he alone remains to carry the banner of a noble cause. Here is a magazine full of pious platitudes; a mutual admiration society; a self-satisfied group of Pharisees sentimentalizing about an insignificant Russian woman proved by a reputable scientific commission to have been a charlatan. Credu-

lity! Cant! Superstition! Out upon them! He sharpens his lance and tilts wildly at the new dragon. All of which may be very good for him. Better a knight with a lance and a hobby, bound on a false quest, than a fat burgher rolling down Fifth Avenue in an expensive car. The knight is going to have a sorry spill in a rocky place. He does no harm to Theosophy and the jolt he gets will be salutary. He may even see stars, while the burgher will probably die in bed in the luxury of a private hospital under the soft ministrations of church and science.

Someday, when maturity has brought a truer sense of values, he will come to see that all he had dreamed of the good, the true and the beautiful, all that he had once thought to find among those who regard themselves as the guardians of civilization and culture, was there before him for the taking, but, like many another young Parsifal, he had cast upon it a psychic veil woven of his boy's prejudices, vanity, misunderstanding, resentment, rashness, presumption, and had then turned in wrath upon the creature of his own fashioning.

Theoretically, he knows that the self which breaks out on lower levels in vulgar and shameful forms, is not exorcised and rendered inoffensive through devotion to literary and humanistic studies. But theory is not knowledge, and faced with the devil of vanity tricked out in the blue robes of the angels, he has seen fit to repudiate the real, and to choose the dearer way of blatancy and self-assertion rather than the better way of silence and self-sacrifice. He has his reward in the applause of the hypocritical crew for whom he has unconsciously been an instrument, and who promptly abandon him when the tide of opinion turns against him. It is a bitter lesson which many a young theosophist has had to learn.

We have gone far afield to study a subtle manifestation of vanity—not to show our own superior virtue by contrast, but in order that we may deal objectively with a personal problem which our own wretched and cowardly shrinking so often prevents us from investigating honestly. We have seen that the magnificent qualities of spiritual insight, courage, intelligence and honesty cannot save a man from becoming a fool and a traitor so long as he permits the devil of vanity to hold the central citadel of his life. His very virtues are made the instruments of his undoing, and like artillery captured by an enemy, are turned against his friends.

Vanity, the vile snake of self! The very word comes from the Latin *vanus*, which means empty, void. The dictionary tells us to compare vacant, vanish, vaunt. The word means: having no real substance or importance, idle, worthless. unsatisfying. Other connotations revolve about a secondary meaning: proud of petty things or of trifling attainments, having a high opinion of one's own appearance or accomplishment with slight reason. Hence, in its primary meaning, the word expresses the authentic nature of the lower self. Man literally is made of vanity, of voidness and emptiness; his personality is only a reflection of the true Individuality of the Soul; it possesses neither true existence nor independent life. Yet an image in a mirror is a something, and, in accord with the secondary meaning of the word, we may, if we choose, look

upon the lower nature as a reality, though one of trifling importance when set against the majesty of the Real Self.

Why should we endow this mirror image with our sense of self-identification; why do we pose to ourselves; why do we overvalue its trifling attainments and read into it falsely the attributes of a god? Perhaps because it is truly the blurred image of the Father, and, showing all its Father's Glory in relative expression, must needs also reflect the quality of His Absoluteness and His Beauty. In the Scriptures we read that after the work of Creation was complete, God looked upon it—looked upon His Own Image in the waves of space —and "saw that it was good". So likewise man, the little god, looks upon the works of his personal hand or heart or brain and finds them very, very good. In the fact itself there is no sin. The revelation of the Oversoul through man should indeed be a revelation of worth and beauty. Sin comes into the world when the Creator is forgotten amid the glamorous delights of the creation, and evil arises when the shadow endowed with delegated consciousness repudiates the Power which created it and seeks life in the things of emptiness and voidness. With evil, only the gods in their wisdom can deal, but so long as the soul lives and hears the voice of conscience, it is our duty to stand by. The older student of Theosophy, taught by his own bitter experience, and struggling still in the coil of his own sins, comes to view with deep sympathy and understanding the troubles of his younger comrade, yes, even to the angry repudiation of Theosophy itself. Yet, aware of the issue at stake, he must stand ready to throw the weight of his assistance on the side of the angels. To speak plainly is sometimes to risk all on a single cast of the dice. For as his words probe to the citadel of vanity and pride, and pierce the scaly coils of the old serpent, he must expect to witness the hiss of resentment and the darting fang. He will be accused of dogmatism, lack of sympathy, theosophical Pharisaism, "a cold, intangible hardness", and other variants of the same theme.

There was once a man of great intellectual endowments who asked for guidance in the spiritual life, and who was accorded the wonder of access to Masters themselves. He was treated with a marvellous tenderness and understanding, given a protection which extended even to the frustration of a plot against his life. Yet that man turned against the Masters, betrayed those who were his associates in a great Cause, and started a chain of causation whose evil results have stained the soil of India with blood. Why? Because, though at heart a kindly man, his pride of intellect would brook no slightest opposition to his opinions. In certain letters which have been published one can trace the slow disintegration of his character. First a slight pique and annoyance that his plans for dominating his friends and "ruling occult Tibet" are gently set aside, next a touch of jealousy that another is preferred to himself, then irony and cheap sarcasm, suspicion, lying, dishonourable acts, mounting to bitter hatred and betrayal, till finally we read the terrible words: "under the influence of the Brothers of the Shadow".

So, to a friend who despises "that QUARTERLY", we are bound at the least

to protest against an evident misunderstanding. But if more be demanded of us—and real friendship does demand more of us—we are sometimes compelled to utter truths which no man likes to speak to another, and which no man *as man*, ought ever to speak to another—truths which cut like a lash and make the blood rise in the cheeks. Such is the demand which honest friendship and loyalty to our Cause make upon us, though, God knows, we should be prostrated in deep humility before the altar when we speak them.

In our better moments we glimpse something of the sorry tragedy and hatefulness and devastating weariness of it all. We cling so fiercely to the scarecrow rags of our superior virtues, our scholarly accomplishments, our technical skills, our worldly positions. We pay out our lives to feed a bloated pretender on the throne. Can we not be honest enough to admit that our long service to this tawdry thing has brought us only the reward of dust and ashes? Some day we shall find strength to hurl from its place this incarnate insult to the Warrior Soul. When we have put away this unclean thing, we may be admitted to the company of clean men, finding clean work to do, work of beauty and truth and creative joy that shall stand eternally built into the very masonry of the Soul.

R.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp. Or what's a Heaven for?—Robert Browning.

To become earth is the creed of a moth;
Be a conqueror of earth; that alone is worthy of a man.
Thou art soft as a rose. Become hard as a stone,
That thou mayst be the foundation of the wall of the garden!
Build thy clay into a Man,
Build thy Man into a World!
If thou art unfit to be either a wall or a door,
Some one else will make bricks of thine earth.—Muhammad Iqbal.

THE ENGLISH WAY TO THE GOAL

He highest climbs who most loves.—RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE.
Love may reach to God in this life, but knowledge never.—THE DIVINE CLOUD.

IN previous numbers of the QUARTERLY, the Spanish and the Sufi mystics have been quoted at length as showing a profound understanding of what Love is and to what it leads. Both of these groups, by the heights to which they attained, are a frequent reminder of the statement that Manas stretches up to Mahat,—in much the same way that a bird, soaring at an unbelievable height, makes clearer our realization of the infinity that stretches beyond. If we regard the Spanish and the Sufi mystics as on the mountain top, penetrating with clear vision far into the blue above, then the mystics of England stand on the slopes, led on by faith in a future attainment,—the faith of intuition and insight, not the faith of mere hearsay. The two groups are different, much as a Gothic cathedral, with its grace and lightness and soaring aspiration, differs from one of the early English parish churches with its massive strength and stability and rugged simplicity. It has been said that the Spaniard is the man of passion, and the Englishman the man of action. Certainly the passionate Love which the Spanish mystics attained, lifted them "on the wings of passion and desire" totally out of themselves, to union with a universal Force which they recognized as reality—the Reality—and life thereafter lay for them in making themselves at one with that, in attaining a more and more permanent realization of it.[1] For the early English group, the approach was a different one. Someone has said that their universe was the human heart. If they were, on occasion, lifted above their usual level, to them it was a vision; they did not (so far as one may generalize from the records still available) see it as a new life, a new realm in which to live thereafter. Action, for them, followed another course.

Fourteenth century England saw a time of flowering in spiritual endeavour. Men embraced poverty and deprivation and became hermits, in the conviction that "great is the hermit's life if it be greatly done". Women (and occasionally men) were walled up for life in little cells as anchorites, and the story of their inner achievement is told in such records as those of Juliana of Norwich and Margery Kempe of Lynn.[2] Of this general period, Richard Rolle of Hampole, both for the force of his personality and for the influence he exerted, is perhaps the most representative of one aspect of the English way to the goal. There is nothing metaphysical, nothing speculative, and little that is analytical in his point of view. He has simple, practical common sense and

[1] As was said by Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, during a visit to the Vatican: "Our mystics spoke from the lips of men the words of angels" (*Ignatius Loyola*, by Robert Harvey).
[2] For Margery Kempe, see *inter alia*, *The Cell of Self-Knowledge*, edited with an Introduction by Edmund G. Gardner.

sanity; his feet are firmly on the ground. Where many of the Latin mystics have been compelled deliberately to cramp their experience into conformity with Church doctrine, Rolle's whole experience and that of his contemporaries seems to have been well within the bounds of strict orthodoxy. The extreme of this is found in Juliana of Norwich, whose revelations were so narrowly interpreted by her mind, in conformity with her habitual meditation, as to make them almost meaningless to anyone unfamiliar with the imagery and terminology of her own particular faith. It is quite possible that she herself realized her lack of a broader comprehension, for she tells of pondering her "shewings" in her heart for fifteen years and more, always with the longing to know their real meaning, and finally to her spiritual understanding there came the answer: "Wouldst thou learn thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well: Love was His meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same." For the most part this group seems to have had no conception of a steady upward growth from finite to infinite, except in the light of the orthodox teaching that earth life is a time of preparation; death a gateway; heaven a place where all is changed and all is possible.

But that Love was their means of attaining, whether in the present or in a future life, each of them realized. Among mystics the world over, there seems always to be this intuitive recognition that Love is the central fact of existence, the well-spring from which life itself is drawn. In each case the truth of it comes to them as a message from the Unseen, unique in its form of expression —a part of the whisper of the Genius of which *The Song of Life* tells. Walter Hilton in his *Scale of Perfection*, one of the well-known works of this period, writes: "What is a man but his thoughts and his loves?" The Love of the Real, however, he sees as a gift, the greatest of all gifts—greater than the gift of prophecy or of working miracles or of great knowledge—for it is God himself. He makes a further statement which one little expects to find in the thought of that early century, one of those statements occasionally met with which were intended by their author only in a limited sense, but which, interpreted with a trifle more latitude, carry one of the golden truths of Theosophy. It is the Christian Master, of course, whose name Hilton uses, but the student of Theosophy would include other Masters also in the declaration that the Master *is* love, the Master is grace, the Master is God. Even the first stirrings of "grace" in the soul are the Master, but he is then "very grossly and rudely felt". Then, as the soul advances, it is the same Master and none other that is felt—more spiritually and nearer to his Divinity. That Presence should be known by experience rather than by any writing about it, "for it is the life and the love, the might and the light, the joy and the rest of a chosen soul". He sleeps in our heart as He did in the ship on the lake with his disciples. It is for us to waken him—"nevertheless, I believe thou sleepest oftener to Him than He doth to thee; for He calleth thee full oft with His sweet, secret voice".

To Juliana of Norwich, the meaning of Love came somewhat differently:

she saw in one of her revelations a little thing the size of a hazel nut in the palm of her hand, and was told that it was the universe—all that is. And "I marvelled how it might last, for methought it might suddenly have fallen to naught for littleness. And I was answered in my understanding: 'It lasteth, and ever shall last for that God loveth it.' And so All-thing hath the Being by the love of God." In *The Divine Cloud*, another book of this period and one of extraordinary penetration and wisdom, the unknown author, referring to Love, uses the phrase, "a sudden stirring, and, as it were, an unadvised and speedy springing up unto God, *even as a spark fleeth from the coal*". Rolle saw it in his simple, direct way: "No rational soul can be without love; love is the foot of the soul by which it is taken to heaven or hell." And he did the thing indicated, with characteristic energy. Love of the highest, he knew, must be made paramount; all that hindered it must be abandoned.

> Stable thy thought in His love, and keep out of thee all sins; cast away sloth; bear thee manfully in goodness, be debonair and meek to all men; let nothing bring thee to rage or envy, clothe thy soul fair, make therein a throne of love to God's Son, and make thy will as eager to receive Him as gladly as thou wouldst be at the coming of a thing thou lovedst most of all things . . . for His joy is that thou be fair and lovesome in His eyes.

A passage from a book by Dean Inge[3] suggests, perhaps, the keynote of the English method. "It is most important that we should recognize the sacramental value of mere right action, even of the most commonplace kind. Not, of course, that the action itself has this value; it is valuable because it is the expression of our habitual view of things and events and men and ourselves. Our habitual point of view is fatally incomplete unless it finds expression in habitual action." Rolle, with the simplicity of an earlier age, expressed it: "Not with going of feet are we turned to God, but with change of our desires and manners", and in his writings there are many passages showing how he made application of this. Quoting at random: "While thou eatest or drinkest, let not the memory of thy God that feeds thee pass from thy mind; but praise God and glorify Him in every morsel, so that thy heart be more in God's praising than in thy food, that thy soul be not parted from God at any hour." "Be our souls strong in taking hard labours for God." "Many love God while they are in ease, and in adversity they grumble, and fall in so much sorriness that scarcely may any man comfort them. . . . That is a catiff loving that any wealth of the world makes; but that loving is of much price, that no violence of sorrow may do away." Francis Quarles's phrasing of a somewhat similar idea will suggest itself to many:

> . . . . draw near,
> Shake hands with earth, and let your soul respect
> Her joys no further than her joys reflect
> Upon her Maker's glory; if thou swim
> In wealth, see Him in all; see all in Him.
> Sinkst thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent?
> See Him in want; enjoy Him in content.
> * * * *
> Heaven's never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.

[3] *Studies of English Mystics.*

"When that blessed Love is in a man's heart", wrote Rolle, "it will not suffer him to be idle." "Love cannot be lazy." "It is shame if the sunbeam find men idle in their bed." "He that is slow in God's service may not be burning in love." Sloth and losing of time were weaknesses which particularly disturbed Juliana of Norwich,—tempting her to despair, which she regarded as equally a sin; and *The Divine Cloud* stresses at considerable length the matter of the right keeping of time. "All the time that is given thee, it shall be demanded how thou hast spent it, and it standeth thee in hand to give a good account thereof." This is followed by a rather unexpected suggestion as to the means of atoning for misspent time: "He [the Master], by His Godhead is the maker and giver of times. He, by His manhood, is the true keeper of time; and He, by His Godhead and manhood together, is the true Judge and asker of account for the spending of time. Knit thyself therefore to Him by love and faith."

"Great love he shews", wrote Rolle, "that never is irked to love, but ever standing, sitting, going, or any other deed doing, is ever thinking on his love." "His refreshment is to think of Him." "Where is love?" he asks. "Love is in the heart and in the will of man, not in his hand or in his mouth, not in his work, but in his soul. For many speak good and do good, and many love not God." And again, "What is love? And I answer: Love is a burning yearning in God, with a wonderful delight and security. . . . Love is a life, coupling together the loving and the loved. For meekness makes us sweet to God; purity joins us to God; love makes us one with God." "Love is desire of the heart, ay thinking on that that it loves; and when it has that it loves, then it joys and nothing may make it sorry." "Love is a virtue that is the rightest affection of man's soul."

Austerities, abstinence, discipline, Rolle welcomed, and with a vigour which makes him for many people to-day almost synonymous with harshness and vehemence, though it was only the reverse side, so to speak, of the force and impetuosity of the great love that was in the making. He never mistook austerities for holiness, merely holding that if "discreetly" used, they can help us to become holy. They have their work, just as pain and suffering have, for "in the heart where tears spring, there will the fire of the Holy Ghost be kindled". Referring to the earlier stages of the way, Rolle wrote one passage which is doubtless spiritual autobiography. In his case, of course, it was the Master Christ whom he found, but in each creed, the world over, there is record of a similar experience,—the fact that the Master stands waiting at each turn of the road.

I ran about by poverty and I found Jesu poor-born into the world, laid in a crib, wrapped in swaddling clothes. I took the road of suffering and I found Jesu weary by the wayside, tortured with hunger, thirst and cold, filled with reproof and blame. I sat by myself, fleeing the vanity of the world, and I found Jesu fasting in the desert and praying on the mountain-top alone. I ran by pain and penance, and I found Jesu, bound, scourged, given gall to drink, nailed to the cross, hanging on the cross, and dying on the cross.

As his love gained in depth and force, it took the form of a burning fire, as "thou may fele thi fynger byrn, if thou putt it in the fyre. But that fyre if it be hot, is so delightable and wonderful that I cannot tell it." While expecting the fulfilment of his love only after death, he found during earth life an abounding joy in the simple and stupendous fact of loving,—burning as the seraphim in high heaven, as he expressed it, his mind walking among the angels to Christ his Beloved.

This delight which he has tasted in loving Jesu passes all knowledge and feeling. Truly I cannot tell a little point of this joy, for who can tell an unknown heat? Who lay bare an infinite sweetness? Certainly if I would speak of this joy unable to be told, it seems to me as if I should empty the sea by drops, and pour it all in a little hole of the earth.

One is reminded of those lines from Richard Crashaw, a century or so later.

Aeternall love! What 'tis to love thee well,
None, but himselfe, who feelse it, none can tell.
But oh, what to be lov'd of thee as well,
None, not himselfe, who feeles it, none can tell.

Joy and mirth and merriment are the terms Rolle uses most continually as describing his spiritual state as he advanced into the higher degrees of contemplation,—also heat, sweetness and song. He tells of hearing, as he read or performed his devotional exercises, a marvellous accompaniment both "above me" and "within me". It was not song in the ordinary sense of the word, just as his mirth and merriment were not of the usual kind. In the old English of Rolle's time (1290–1349), "merry" meant "sweet"; "mirth" meant "pleasantness". Worldly mirth was one of the things which he declared killed Love. Likewise his "song" was prevented if he sang with other people. Both song and mirth were of the soul, and the music that he heard he believed to be that of the angelic choir. From what he writes it would seem that the overwhelming joy of Love took tangible form—*audibly* for him, just as for many others it has done so visibly. "Love sounds the Music of the Spheres", wrote the Sufi poet. Rolle expresses it: "Of the feast of heaven, sounds in his heart a sweet note that makes him break out into voice of joying, for the wonderful softness of mirth and song in his soul, . . . for in his thought he is taken in to the melody of angels praising God." "The memory of Jesus is as melody of music at a feast." "When thou speakest to Him and sayst 'Jhesu', through custom, it shall be in thy ear joy, in thy mouth honey, and in thy heart melody."

The force and power of his inner experience, the completeness with which every element of his strong nature was hurled into it, are again best indicated by his own really splendid characterization:

O merry love, strong, ravishing, burning, voluntary, stalwart, inextinguishable, that brings all my soul to Thy service, and suffers it to think of nothing but Thee. Thou challengest for Thyself all that we live; all that we savour; all that we are.

Implicit in that is a test of true virility which few, even among strong men, could meet—and it leads one quickly upward to its source, linking itself with

those words of a Master in the *Gîta*, "I am manhood in men". What an offering to be able to make to the high gods, and what a refutation to those who regard all religious states as signs of a weak, anemic and rather fantastic temperament!

No discussion of the English Way would be complete without mention of what might be termed the complementary method outlined in *The Divine Cloud* (also published under the title, *The Cloud of Unknowing*). The identity of its author is still a mystery. His aim is the guidance and direction of other seekers for Truth,—of men and women who were, one would judge, far advanced on the path before coming to him, because his method, like that of Shankara Acharya, would be both useless and dangerous without the previous acquirement of the "four qualifications" as explained by Shankara in the opening section of his *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*. Even then, as Shankara explained also, the method would be misunderstood without the help of an experienced spiritual director,—of one "who is full of intelligence, illuminated, skilled in knowledge and wisdom . . . fitted to teach the wisdom of the divine Self". Naturally the author of *The Divine Cloud* did not express himself with the scientific thoroughness of Shankara, but in his prologue (to quote Evelyn Underhill's most valuable Introduction to her edition of the same book, called by her *The Cloud of Unknowing*[4]) we find the warning "that it shall on no account be lent, given, or read to other men; who could not understand, and might misunderstand in a dangerous sense, its peculiar message".

Instead of seeking Light and Life and Love in the commonplace outer act, the pupil of *The Divine Cloud* is instructed to turn wholly within, and to endeavour to break completely with all that is external. All that is required of the beginner is to know that he *is*, which knowing, even the beasts possess. He is to give no thought to his defects or his qualities—quite the contrary. Everything regarding himself, his life and the world of creatures, is to be put beneath him, wrapped in a "cloud of forgetting". Then:

> Lift thyself up as thou art, unto thy gracious God, without any curious considerations of the qualities that belong to thee, or to thy God. Knit thyself, by fervent desire of love in grace and spirit, to the precious being of God in Himself. And though thy wanton wandering wits find no satisfaction in this manner of doing, yet quit it not. . . . There is nothing a man can do, bodily or ghostly [spiritually], that can bring him nearer to God, or remove him further from the world, than this naked feeling and offering up of a man's blind being can do.

This, the author calls praying—in the silence of pure spirit (a form of prayer which has a special appeal for certain temperaments), as contrasted with the pronouncing of words. As already suggested, neither is any thought to be given to the qualities of God. Just the simple word *is*, is all that we need dwell on as expressing His everlastingness and His infinitude.

> Offer therefore, all that thou art, as thou art, unto Him, as He is, who is the blissful being, both of Himself and of thee. By doing this thou shalt effectually, and in a wonderful manner, worship God with Himself. For that which thou art thou hast from Him, and He it is.

[4] Published by John M. Watkins, London, 1912.

It is almost startling to find, in mediæval England, anything so strongly suggestive of the system of indrawal and transfer of self-identification which is the central feature of the Vedanta,—startling, that is, until one remembers that Christianity had come originally to England, not from Rome, but through a line of teachers descending directly from John the Beloved Disciple; and until one remembers, further, that the tradition of the Christian Neo-platonists, and their Eastern influence, embodied in the *Mystica Theologia* of Dionysius the Areopagite, had been brought within the reach of all educated men in western Europe when John Scotus Erigena translated the *Mystica* into Latin in the 9th century. Then, to quote again from Miss Underhill:

> About the middle of the 14th century, England—at that time in the height of her great mystical period—led the way with the first translation into the vernacular of the Areopagite's work. In *Dionise Hid Divinite*, a version of the *Mystica Theologia*, this spiritual treasure-house was first made accessible to those outside the professionally religious class.

This long-ago connection between East and West is referred to in a delightful series of articles on an earlier group of English mystics, in the QUARTERLIES of 1914 and thereabouts. In them a writer on the subject is quoted as saying that the echoes of the Areopagite's treatises are heard in every mystical writer since their appearance. It is evident, however, that *The Divine Cloud* is not a mere echo, and that its author, obviously a man of great spirituality, had done as the "certain wise man" of the *Upanishads*, who "pierced the openings inward" and discovered the Way by actual experience. There are high spiritual levels, Theosophy teaches, which are the reservoir of all fundamental truths, and he who can lift himself sufficiently near may draw down what he can. As *The Secret Doctrine* expresses it: "He who is strong in the Yoga can introduce at will his Alaya by means of meditation into the true nature of Existence."

The Eastern method, it will be remembered, makes a point of withdrawing the sense of I-am-I, the sense of self-identification, from one after another of the powers and attributes and vestures of Self, "as the pith is drawn from the reed". In *The Divine Cloud*, not withdrawal, but positive attack seems to be the means recommended—by sheer force of will compelling the mind to push downward into the "cloud of forgetting", every thought that presents itself. Even the familiar forms and subjects of meditation recommended by the Church (no matter how lofty, up to the attributes of God himself), would inevitably, the author taught, lead the mind from one thought to another, and therefore downward, away from God and nearer to self. "Everything that thou thinkest upon, is above thee for the time, and between thee and thy God: in so much that thou art so much the farther from God, or nearer to Him, as there are more or fewer things in thy mind besides God." The disciple must learn to live "above himself". As an aid, he is advised to make use of some word to keep before him the ideal. First directing the aspiration, the intention upward,—

> Have this intention, lapped up, folden in one word, and that of one syllable, for so it

is better than two—as for example this word 'God', or else this word 'Love'. . . . And fasten this word in thine heart, in such sort that it do never depart from thence, whatsoever befall. This word shall be thy shield and spear, whithersoever thou go or ride, both in peace and war. With this word thou shalt beat at that cloud and darkness, that is above thee. With this word thou shalt smite down all manner of thoughts, that press to molest thee, and keep them under the cloud of forgetting.

It was a century or so earlier, in the time of Francis of Assisi, that the special devotion to the Holy Name had been started on the continent. Rolle emphasizes frequently the power that lies in the use of the name of Jesus. Walter Hilton, in *The Scale of Perfection*, cautions against thinking that power lies in the name itself, painted or written or spoken or held in imagination, urging that one's whole thought turn to the Being, the Person whom the name symbolizes—it is He we must keep in mind, "that is all goodness, endless wisdom, love and sweetness, thy joy, thy glory, and thy everlasting bliss, thy God, thy Lord, and thy salvation". The practice must have been fairly widespread for the warning to have been warranted, so there is nothing singular in the recommendation in *The Divine Cloud;* yet one is reminded immediately of the similar use among mystics of the Far East, of the name of Rama and other deities, also among Mohammedan mystics of the name of Allah—one account telling of its incessant repetition for seven years, until "at last every atom of me began to cry aloud, 'Allah! Allah! Allah!' "

To return to *The Divine Cloud:* the aspirant, in the course of his progress, comes to realize that even the "naked sense of his own being" is an impediment, a "lump" of all that is undesirable, continually obtruding itself between him and his goal. His next work is to eliminate that sense of being, and to lose it, so far as is possible in this life, in union with pure Being. As the Sufi poet expressed it:

> All that is not One must ever
> Suffer with the Wound of Absence;
> And whoever in Love's City
> Enters, finds but Room for One,
> And but in ONENESS Union.

He must not wish to have no being, continues the western author, "for that were a devilish madness and despite against God. But him listeth right well to be, and he yieldeth very hearty thanks to God for the worthiness and gift of his being; though indeed he desire without ceasing that he might lack the witting and feeling of his being."

Beyond that point, what happens is no longer the disciple's concern: "Let the thing itself do with thee; let it lead wheresoever it listeth; let it be the worker, and thou be but the sufferer; do thou but only look on, and let it alone; meddle thou not with it, as though thou wouldst help it, lest peradventure thou marre all. Be thou but the tree and let it be the carpenter." It is in the response from the other side then, that the subsequent fulfilment lies,—one of the miracles of Love.

God is evermore ready to work this work in every soul that is disposed thereunto, and

doth what in him lieth and hath so done of long time before. . . . Then will He sometimes peradventure send out a beam of His ghostly light, that shall pierce this cloud of unknowing, between thee and Him, and shew thee somewhat of his secrets, which is not lawful, nor possible, for man to speak. Then shalt thou feel thine affections inflamed with the fire of His love, far more than I can or may tell thee at this time, for of that work, that belongeth to God only, I dare not take upon me to speak with my blabbering and fleshly tongue. And indeed, to speak shortly, though I durst do it, I would not.

In that he would not, the world is the loser, for where other books of spiritual guidance show sagacity and insight and understanding of human nature, this one adds certain qualities which suggest firsthand experience of a high order. For his silence, another reason is made plain in his advice to his pupils. He would have the aspirant avoid all fancies and imaginings and counterfeit experiences, and admonishes him to conceal deep in his heart all spiritual stirrings or longings, endeavouring to hide them even from God himself. They will of course, he adds, be known to God in any case, despite the efforts made, but the very struggle to conceal them will help to bring one "out of the grossness of bodily feeling into the purity and depth of ghostly [spiritual] feeling". His object is to create strong men, able to forge ahead with no indication of response from the other side. If spiritual experiences come, welcome them, but "lean not too much on them, for fear of feebleness". As W. Q. Judge says in the *Letters that have Helped me:* "You are only carefully to note them, and 'do not exhibit wonder nor form association'."

Some readers may be wondering what connection there is between Mediæval English monks and Theosophy. Certainly the monks themselves laid no claim to inclusion in theosophical ranks, as their vigorous denunciation of all outside their own faith made abundantly plain. Yet the connection is not remote. In certain of the early ages, monasticism served as the framework and supplied the guide posts along the Way, enabling men to reach the goal, to discover the inner world, *by faith*, without other help than the drawing power from the other side. The Spanish mystics particularly (among the most gifted in the Western world), rose to levels of consciousness where highly occult faculties became operative, and achieved an interior transformation of which they had little comprehension in their everyday minds. The English mystics showed that, with no extraordinary gifts and in spite of narrowness of creed and personal limitations of various sorts, the separating wall can be penetrated, the Divine fire be brought down, if the whole strength and force and devotion of one's being be thrown into the effort.

In the present era, framework and method are both of necessity different. Madame Blavatsky gave her life to proving to an age of skepticism and unfaith that, in the words of *Light on the Path*, the whole world is animated and lit, down to its most material shapes, by a world within it; that this inner world is ruled by the law of love and brotherhood; that the beings who are at home there (the efflorescence of the human race for ages past) are continually striving to lift man from the living death which we call life; to awaken him to consciousness of divine faculties enabling him to live (as *The Divine Cloud*

phrased it) "above himself". Madame Blavatsky gave to the West the knowledge by which man can become one with Divinity. A passage which she quotes in *The Secret Doctrine* in a different connection, applies equally well to the teachings which she brought: "They seem almost to open vistas through infinity, to endow the human intellect with an existence and a vision exempt from the limitations of time and space and finite causation, and to lift it up toward a sublime apprehension of the Supreme Intelligence whose dwelling place is Eternity." In less known theosophical writings, H.P.B. gives the rationale of the process achieved by the Spanish mystics. The English mystics brought the possibility of it nearer to the average man. If, in our thought of the subject, we can successfully separate the mystics and their inner experience from all that savours of a special creed or church or religious bent, it is clearly all a part of what the Middle Ages called the Great Work. According to theosophical teaching, opportunity for inner life and growth and advancement exists for all men. With recognition of this fact, and co-operation, an otherwise slow and painful journey may become transfigured, as all the mystics testify.

J. C.

A man sees very far when he does not put himself in front of himself.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

WITHOUT CENSOR

VIII.

NO one thing made it more clear that the Germans had at last cracked, than the tone of the letters which were taken from German dead and from German prisoners. Both letters written home and never sent, and those which had been received from family and friends at home, told the same story. Through them all there ran a note of dissatisfaction, of discouragement and criticism. The writers were war-weary, and wanted things to be over as soon as possible, no matter how it all came out; while the descriptions of privation and suffering within Germany itself, and of all that their families were enduring, made it easy to see why the morale of the German troops had broken. For the first time, to us, the end of the War was in sight; the ultimate result was now certain, although it was not humanly possible to tell how long it would be before the final *dénouement*. For these reasons there was an elation at First Corps Headquarters, even greater than that inspired by the daily successes of our troops and their splendid performance, although the commendation which we were receiving from the French at that time made us proud and relieved. We began to speculate as to future American operations, and as to where they would take place. Of one thing we were sure. If the enemy had cracked here, where we were, they had cracked elsewhere as well. From now on, we knew for a certainty, they would be given no respite. It would be one Allied offensive after another, in which we should have our part; and time was to bear us out in our prognostications.

By the end of the fourth day after my arrival at Headquarters First Army Corps, near Epieds, the fighting had moved away from us, further to the north and toward the Vesle River, and Major General Liggett was impatient to follow it up, and to move his First Corps Headquarters forward. His constant aim was to keep his Corps Post of Command immediately behind his divisions, and as close to them as possible. But a modern corps headquarters cannot be moved forward in battle until a place has been prepared in which it can function properly. A good deal of space is required for the tactical sections of the staff alone, and these sections must all be close together, for obvious reasons. Communicating wires, too, must be laid a little way underground, often under heavy shell fire, both forward to the headquarters of the divisions in line, and back to army headquarters, before a corps headquarters is ready to function as it must. So General Liggett was forced to wait, while advance parties surveyed the ground and cleared away wreckage in order to provide the space required, and while the Signal Battalion was engaged in laying the necessary wires.

At the start of the American participation in the Second Battle of the Marne, the French had been distrustful of the ability of our higher staff command,

and quite naturally, as the Americans were totally untried and inexperienced in this respect, and our general officers had never before had an opportunity, either in this War or in their previous experience at home, of doing more than work out higher staff problems in theory and on paper. The able way, however, in which Major General Liggett had handled the operations of our First Army Corps from the very start of its participation in the fighting, had done much to relieve this feeling of the French, and to increase their confidence in the ability of the Americans in respect to staff work. Early in the proceedings, the exigencies of the situation had necessitated a change of axis, of direction, of the First Corps attack, always a difficult operation; the First Corps, attacking first toward the east, had turned, until it was driving almost due north, and this change of axis had been effected with great skill. Town after town and village after village had been liberated by our advance, and the progress in the attack of our two Army Corps, then comprising the Sixth French Army, had enabled the Tenth French Army on our left and the Fifth French Army on our right to advance. General Liggett's Field Orders at that time were models of brevity and clearness. I remember particularly his constant insistence that, except in an actual attack itself, the front lines should be lightly held, with the concentration immediately behind them, and that machine guns and strong resistance points should never be attacked directly but always by envelopment. It is easy to see how extremely wise and effective both of those provisions were, eliminating as they did much futile loss of life, while at the same time producing highly satisfactory results. His Field Orders were dated according to the French system, in which the hours of the day were numbered from one to twenty-four, in order to avoid any possible confusion as to the time of their issue and of the operations ordered in them. They contained the usual five paragraphs, outlining in sequence his estimate of the military situation, the disposition of the enemy forces, the positions of our troops, the mission which was to be accomplished, and his orders as to how it was to be carried out. He believed in giving a subordinate commander his head, and in not holding him down with voluminous and detailed instructions. I can remember one Field Order, the concluding paragraph of which simply said,—"You will pursue boldly and without delay"; plenty of room, there, for individual initiative and for adaptation to local conditions.

On the morning of August 5th the First Corps Headquarters moved to Fère-en-Tardenois, where space had been prepared in a little group of houses on the extreme north-west edge of what remained of the town; these particular houses had escaped shell-fire and were intact. But Fère-en-Tardenois itself was a complete example of what artillery demolition fire can do, as hardly a house in the town had a roof left, and most of them were completely demolished. The work of removing and of burying the dead had not been completed, and the place was filled with the unforgettable stench of decaying human flesh. Fortunately, it soon began to rain, which cleared and freshened the air until this work had been completed. We were under frequent shell-fire, particularly at night, and it was then, too, that the Boche planes, whenever the sky was clear,

also took a hand in the proceedings, and flew over us dropping bombs. Corps Headquarters, however, was soon functioning as if it had been there for days, and my work as liaison officer proceeded much as before. Our mess was in a stable across the road from the Headquarters itself, and the wide doorway faced towards the lines and the anchored observation balloons which fringed our front, and from which any unusual circulation behind the German lines was reported,—our artillery fire being directed accordingly. One day at luncheon I saw a balloon shot down by a Boche plane, which fired into the bag. The observer jumped at once in his parachute, and the Boche, turning quickly, came at him again, trying to machine-gun him as he swung there helpless, settling slowly back to earth. His progress was sufficiently rapid, however, to prevent the Boche from carrying out his purpose, as the plane was forced to fly too low to manœuvre, and the observer escaped, and landed safely a couple of fields away. We continued our luncheon while we watched this, not because we were callous and hard-hearted, but because we had our own work to do, and our job was to get fed and back to it just as soon as we possibly could.

I was billeted, with another officer, in a little two-story house about a quarter of a mile from Corps Headquarters. The roof had been entirely shot away so that the top story was open to the sky, but there was a ceiling over the lower floor, and although it looked like a very precarious shelter, we thought that it would protect us from the rain and the elements after we had done some amateur propping up at what appeared to be its weakest points. We lived in this place, ostensibly together, for a week, in the back room on the ground floor, although, as a matter of fact, we were never in our quarters except to sleep, and then not often at the same time. The Boche had committed his usual wanton acts of destruction in that little house. Curtains and bed coverings had been torn to shreds; pictures had been bayoneted on the walls; bureau drawers had been dumped on the floor and their contents trampled on and destroyed; the furniture had been smashed and broken, and much of it had been thrown out of the rear windows and lay in the yard. The same conditions prevailed in most of the houses in the town which was still partly standing. But the destruction was usually complete. Towards the end of my stay there, I saw two French women, peasants, slowly walking down our street. How they got there, I cannot imagine, as no civilian population whatever was left in the town. Probably they had been in hiding somewhere near by, and, drawn by that love of home which is so strong in the French heart, they had begged a ride on some Army truck, and had come back to what had once been familiar surroundings, to see what was left. But there was not a single landmark they could recognize. They walked down that street slowly, hesitatingly, as if they were in a dream. Finally they stopped in front of a mass of rubble and plaster and stones, the remains of what had once been a house, and gazed at it silently. Then I saw them counting, slowly, beginning at the end of the street, and checking one another. I saw them stop, after a little, and look at each other, speechless for a moment; then they clung together, weeping, rocking to and fro with choking, heart-rending sobs. There was nothing left.

I slept on the floor of our billet, wrapped in blanket and overcoat, subject to the enemy interruptions which made night hideous. Some light housekeeping had to be done, for, although a striker had been assigned to me, he had various other duties as well, and did not often show up, and never when he was wanted. I utilized what spare moments I had, therefore, before turning in, in washing my own clothes, in my rubber tub, with highly-scented French soap, which was all that I had. I remember, one evening, that I had completed this chore, and was out in the rear hanging my wash to dry on a line which I had rigged up, when a shell burst in a back-yard three or four houses away from us. I dove for our back-door just in time, and stayed in from then on, leaving my wash to dry upon the ground, in spite of the urgings of my room-mate, who did not wash at all where it did not show, and who had been enjoying the proceedings, and was hoping for a repetition of the performance if he could only get me out into the yard again. Sleeping was largely a matter of becoming accustomed to the noise and the confusion. I could see, as I lay on my back waiting for sleep, the flash against the sky of the guns of the German battery which was firing on us. Its four guns would fire in succession. I would hear the shell from number one burst down in the town. Number two would explode nearer, to the left; impossible to tell exactly how near, however, and it was always a ticklish moment until number three had arrived, as it might prove to be right on us. If, however, it was past us, and to the right, it was perfectly safe, as far as that particular German battery was concerned, to turn over and to go to sleep, for, during the rest of the night that battery, fired with methodical accuracy and with that unbelievable German stupidity, in ceaseless repetition, would continue to drop shells in exactly the same places and to register at exactly the same intervals.

An unpleasant occurrence marked my stay in that billet. A young Lieutenant, attached to First Corps Headquarters, had taken up his quarters in the front room. One night, as I lay there about to go to sleep, I heard him come in, and then I heard a match struck. Then there was a pause as he lighted a candle, and a line of light appeared under the door between the rooms. It was strictly against all orders to show a light at night. There were Boche planes right over us at that very moment, probably searching out the whereabouts of Corps Headquarters, and if that shaft of candle-light, then falling from our front window on to the roadway, had been seen from the air, the vicinity would have been bombed for the rest of the night, with a fair chance that Corps Headquarters would have been obliterated. I rose, and, opening the door, asked him why he was showing a light. He replied that he had been ordered up to the lines on some mission of reconnaissance, and that he was getting his things together. I told him to put out the light, and to assemble his possessions in the dark. The light was extinguished, and I went back and lay down again. After a short interval, the line of light again appeared under the door. Thoroughly angry this time, I again went into his room, put out the light myself, and asked him if he was not accustomed to obey an order when he received one. He replied that he had not understood that I was giving

him an order. I told him to understand that I had given him one, and to understand further that I would report the occurrence to G-3 in the morning (three separate charges and specifications under the Articles of War were warranted), and in the meanwhile to get out of there as fast as he could, and I waited to see him go. In the morning I dictated a statement covering the whole proceeding to one of the senior officers of G-3, signed it, and answered verbally various questions in regard to it. I was disturbed, for I was afraid that the whole thing would be put down to an ordinary quarrel, or that the Lieutenant would attempt to lie his way out, and then it would be a question of his word against mine. However, I heard nothing more about the occurrence, until the very morning of my departure, when I was in the Chief of Staff's room, reporting myself out, and saying good-bye to General Craig. As I was about to leave, the General turned to the Colonel who was Chief of G-3, and without looking at me, as if it were merely some piece of business which he had forgotten, inquired incidentally whether Lieutenant Blank had gone. The Colonel replied that he had been sent to the Seventy-seventh Division, and had been assigned to the 302d Ammunition Train, my old unit. It was General Craig's way of telling me that I had been right, and that he had supported my action. There was no time to try that kind of officer by a General Court Martial in the surroundings in which we found ourselves; the only thing to do was to get rid of him.

I had heard that the Seventy-seventh Division was in the rear of the Corps area, and that it was coming up to relieve one of the divisions in line. It was only just two weeks since I had left the Division at Baccarat, but it seemed like months, for I had been so busy and so much had happened in the interval. In the meanwhile, the Division had been moving, and its presence near-by was verified by the arrival daily at First Corps Headquarters of various members of the Division Staff, and of reconnoitering parties from the units which were about to go into line. My former Colonel appeared on the scene one day in our familiar old Dodge car, accompanied by the new Adjutant and the Supply Officer, in quest of maps of the front, and I was able to get for him all of these that he required, and also to furnish him with other information which he wanted. A night or two later I saw my old Division march through Fère-en-Tardenois to go into line on an active front for the first time. I stood by the side of the road, in the shadow of a building, and watched them go by. I was able to recognize, even in the dark, some of the officers whom I knew, by the way they walked and carried themselves. The platoons marched with long intervals between, in order to minimize the effects of a bursting shell. There was not a sound, except for the shuffling of feet in the road, the creaking of equipment, and an occasional grunt as some soldier shifted the position of the pack on his shoulders. This was the last glimpse which I had of the Seventy-seventh Division during the War, for, while it was on the left flank of the First Army line, in the Argonne Forest, during the Meuse-Argonne operation, my duties at that time never allowed me to get anywhere near the area of its operations.

By this time the Boche was digging in beyond the Vesle, and there were evidences of a reversion to stationary warfare. The First Corps Sector was about to be taken over by the Third American Corps, which had been fighting on our right, and First Corps Headquarters were about to be withdrawn. My relations with First Corps Headquarters had been so thoroughly pleasant, and always increasingly so, and my work there had been of such absorbing interest, that it was with the greatest regret that I received a telegram over the Signal Corps wire on the morning of August 12th, ordering me to report back at once to First Army Headquarters at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. I had been with First Corps Headquarters just under two weeks, but it seemed like very much longer than that. It was a great privilege to have played even such a minor part in the first operations of one of the large tactical units of our Army. But an order is an order, and I said my farewells, and left Fère-en-Tardenois within an hour after I had received the telegram. I shall never forget that drive down the old Chateau-Thierry Salient, back to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. Everything had been keyed to such a high pitch at the front, one had been living at such a high level of effort, that the sensation was that of coming down-hill, although the road was, for the most part, perfectly level. There was a feeling of leaving reality and of coming back to unreality; of sinking down again, and of leaving behind something which one did not want to leave.

For, there, one had been conscious of living in a rarefied atmosphere, of being lifted up, of functioning with an extraordinary alertness and awareness. One's powers seemed capable of an indefinite expansion, of a sustained activity and efficiency in higher reaches of effort. It was not excitement alone that made this possible; it was not the sense of danger, nor the absorbing interest in all that was taking place, nor the realization of the importance of the events in which one was participating, although without question each one of these factors played its part. Rather was it a sure knowledge that, in the midst of all the noise and turmoil and confusion and activity, unseen forces were guiding and directing, in this War which was their War. It was as if warriors were present whom one did not see. The spiritual world not only seemed close by, at hand, but one felt in a certain sense actually within the borders of a different world, living in reality, surveying with a surprising sort of detachment the whirl of daily events, at the same time that one played a conscious and active part in them. It was not something which one did oneself. It had nothing whatever to do with one's own qualifications, or lack of them, except in so far as desire and motive may have helped to bring it about. It just happened. One was gathered up, as it were, into a new world and functioned there. It was quite simple. Later on in the summer, when I received letters from a friend in the Movement, things which he said in them took on an added significance in the light of this experience. "Do not forget your Companions. France is full of them, known and unknown. Do not forget either that no matter what happens, there is no such thing as separation for those who know Him,—the link is in consciousness as well as in life. . . . Where you are must be thick with angels. Not easy to feel them, I imagine, except at certain times and

places. The terrific outer activity; the noise; the reaction of strained nerves,—must make it difficult to feel, to see. But they surely are there. And all the old Saints of France must be leaning half way out of heaven to bless and cheer and sanctify. It is not far to lean, not there. To love that land is to love Him: He has so completely made it His own."

It was easy to love that land. The very next day came an opportunity to see a part of it that was new to me, and, therefore, full of new beauty. For when I arrived at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, I found that Headquarters First Army had packed up and moved, to a destination unknown. Only a few staff officers were left, one of whom, a Colonel, instructed me to report to him at the former Headquarters building early the next morning, and informed me that I was to proceed overland with him by motor, under sealed orders, which were not to be opened until we were en route. I went back to the same billet which I had occupied two weeks before, and asked the old man who lived there to take me in again for the night. Not only did he make no difficulty about it, but the enthusiasm with which I was welcomed, as an old friend, bore striking witness to the success of the American effort in the interval and to its effect upon the French. Upon the occasion of my former visit, I had been received somewhat grudgingly and had been given a tiny room in an outbuilding in the rear. This time, however, my temporary host insisted upon giving me his formal guest room on the second floor, most attractively furnished with what appeared to be some really old pieces, and it was only with the greatest difficulty and tact that I was able to prevent him from opening a bottle of wine, in order that we might drink together to the continued success of the united French and American armies. I spent most of that evening in an estaminet in the town, in the company of an officer whom I knew and whom I met there entirely by chance, so afraid was I that, if I returned to my temporary home before the old man had gone to bed, the attack would be renewed. Early the next morning, August 13th, we departed in a Staff car, six of us in all, and when we were once well on our way, the Colonel in charge informed us that our destination was Neufchâteau, whither the rest of First Army Headquarters had already preceded us. This news was immensely interesting and stimulating, for it could mean only one thing, and that was, that the First American Army was about to undertake its first independent operation as a tactical unit, and that, in view of where we were bound, this operation could be nothing else than the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient. The animated discussion which ensued upon the receipt of this news, however, did not prevent me from drinking in the beauty of that French country side; my humble rank made it a matter of necessity that I should play a heavy thinking part in the milieu in which I found myself, so I listened, asked an occasional question, and concentrated upon the country through which we were passing. Our route lay well back of the front. We saw no troops at all, until well on in the afternoon. It was a peace-time France through which we passed, with no signs of the devastation of war. Through little towns we went, drowsy in the hot summer sun; past a succession of those way-side Calvaries and Crucifixes which one sees all over

France, which are such perpetual and welcome reminders. Through land under cultivation, shimmering in the heat, where the sight of women and children working in the fields brought a momentary tightening of the heart and a realization that, beneath the smiling surface, stern forces were at work. Through *forêts* and *bois* we went, cool and dark, and out again into open, rolling lands. Over it all brooded what I liked to think of as the permanent spirit of France. Wars might come and end, might bring their changes and sorrows, but would bring no change in this quiet and holy stillness, in this beauty which had its power to assuage all sorrow and to convey a recompense. It brought home to me something which my friend in New York had said in one of his recent letters. He had been writing of his affection for "those hills and valleys which seem to be so saturated with the Master's benediction and love", and had said that one was drawn to "the very soil of the place, because the soil seems to radiate an atmosphere which, so far as I know, is unique, and which is certainly full of the mystery and of the appeal of the divine kingdom".

But this charming and inspiring interlude was all too short. We reached Troyes in time for a late luncheon, and then went on again, passing through Chaumont, the site of American General Headquarters, and reaching Neufchâteau early in the evening. Headquarters First Army was in the Château on the hill, and there, after having settled myself in a billet in a street just below, I reported the next morning. It did not take long to discover that our surmise had been correct, and that the senior officers of the Staff, under the eye of General Pershing who motored over constantly from Chaumont, were hard at work on the plans for the St. Mihiel operation. At that stage of the proceedings, however, there was nothing whatever for most of the junior officers to do. At least, there was nothing as far as I was concerned. Every morning I reported, and every morning I was told that I was not needed that day. I settled down, therefore, to a week of rest, caught up on sleep and on letters home, and spent much time with my strictly limited portable library. For social diversions and for meals, there was always the Officer's Club, a very good one; Neufchâteau was so far from the front that, superficially, life there was rather more like that in Bordeaux than the kind of thing which one might expect with an important American operation imminent. After two or three days, this inactivity began to pall. But that was always the way in the Army. One seemed to spend far more time in preparing for something, or in waiting for something, than one did in the actual doing of the thing itself when the time came. The part of wisdom was to take advantage of a rest period when it happened to come, and to use it constructively; there was always plenty to meditate about, in every sense of the word.

This week spent in Neufchâteau, however, brought one experience that was never to be forgotten. I knew, of course, that Domrémy was only a few kilometres away, and I longed to go there, but I had no means of transportation, and, after debating the matter for some time, I came to the conclusion that I ought not to make a personal request for the use of military transport, especially as it was constantly in use. I had given up all hope of going there,

and was resigned, when one day, out of a clear sky, a captain on the Staff told me that his colonel had offered him the use of a car for that morning, as it was not going to be needed, and he asked me if I would like to motor over to Domrémy with him. Nothing can ever persuade me that there was any element of the accidental about this. The high gods had intervened. Moreover, I should not have cared to make that little pilgrimage with any chance acquaintance, but it so happened that this captain was a man whom I particularly liked. It was a Sunday, and when we reached Domrémy we found a service going on in the village church, and we stepped inside and stood in the rear, to listen. The village priest was preaching, with fire and vigour, and had reached in his discourse the point of violent denunciation of the Boche and of all his ways; his sentiments were so sound, and he expressed himself with such emphasis and such freedom, that I could have listened indefinitely with delight. When, after leaving, we walked a little way down the street, and, turning, faced the home of the Maid, I had a sense of instantaneous recognition. I had never seen that house before, not in this life. I had never even seen a picture of that house, to my knowledge. But when I looked, at the grey and ancient stones, at the tall tree which overshadowed it, I knew that I had been there before. There was not the vestige of a doubt about it. My companion must have wondered why I hesitated so long at the gate, for it was a moment or two before I could recollect myself and go in. I was to have a similar feeling again more than once in succeeding weeks, in that same part of France, within a radius of a score or so of miles from that very spot. The atmosphere again and again seemed reminiscent and familiar; I felt at home, although I had never been there knowingly before. Time and time again I wondered, as this feeling recurred, whether I ought not to trust it implicitly. For it would not have been beyond the bounds of belief, it would not have been in the least strange, had I served in armed forces in that same country in the far and distant past; it was entirely possible that, in the inscrutable working of Karma, I was again being involved, in some small way, in the movement of armies over familiar ground; I was back there, perhaps, to redeem some earlier mistake, I was being given an opportunity and another chance.

Although we had fondly imagined that the American plans for the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient were still a profound secret, we were due for a rude awakening. We had inspected the church on the hill above Domrémy, where I had been interested in the murals, which were full of life and of some real feeling, and we were about to depart, when we met the priest in charge just outside the door, and entered into conversation with him. After some preliminary remarks, he asked me when the American operation was to start. I assumed my blankest look, and inquired to what operation he referred. He replied, that it was the one to come at St. Mihiel to which he had reference, and that all the countryside was looking forward with eagerness to our success. I looked puzzled, and told him that I knew nothing of any such plans, that I was only passing through Domrémy, but that I had seen no American troop movements of any size or importance (they had not yet started) near

the front, and that I felt sure that what he had heard was merely one of those unfounded rumours that get around, and that it would be well not to put credence in it, in order that his flock might not be disappointed. He smiled, a polite, enigmatic and disbelieving smile, and after further courteous interchange, we left him. He saw through me completely. I had merely confirmed what he had heard. Our very presence there, in a staff car, meant that more American officers were arriving. As a matter of fact, the knowledge in regard to our future operations was pretty general. Later on, a colonel on the First Army Staff told me that about this same time he had been in a theatre in Paris, and had heard our prospective St. Mihiel operation discussed by two midinettes who were sitting behind him. This advance information of the general public was probably not due to any lack of secrecy or care on the part of the Americans, but was undoubtedly arrived at in large measure by a process of deduction. The Americans had made good at the Marne, they were ready now for an independent effort of their own in a large way, and that section of the line in the vicinity of St. Mihiel had always been universally recognized as the probable future theatre of American operations. Added to this was the well-known fact that, from the military point of view, as will be seen later, the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, menacing as it did on the flank any Allied operation in the terrain immediately to the west and north, was an absolute strategic necessity.

On the morning of August 20th, when I reported as usual at First Army Headquarters, I was admitted to the Chief of Staff's office. General Drum outlined to me to some extent the plans for the St. Mihiel operation, and told me that the First American Army Corps was to take part. He said that the First Corps had been moving from the Vesle during the past week, and that its Headquarters was now at Saizerais, a little town northeast of Toul. He told me that General Craig, the Chief of Staff, had asked to have me back again with them for the St. Mihiel operation, and that, while he had intended to send me anyway, he was glad to have received this request. He then handed me the following letter,—

Headquarters First Army
American Expeditionary Forces, France,
Office of G-3

August 20, 1918.

From: A. C. of S., G-3, 1st Army.
To: Captain ————————, Liaison Officer, Hq. 1st Army.
Subject: Orders.

1. You will proceed to the Headquarters, 1st Corps, reporting upon arrival to the Commanding General for duty as liaison officer, 1st Army.

2. Your duties will consist of keeping these headquarters constantly informed of the progress of operations of the 1st Corps and of all matters of interest to these headquarters.

By command of General Pershing:
R. McCleave,
Colonel, General Staff,
G-3.

General Drum told me that, as I could see from this letter, my duties would be identically the same as they had been previously north of the Marne, and that I should feel the advantage of the experience which I had gained there, and of my friendly relations with the First Corps Staff. He told me to go that afternoon, and to ask for the necessary transportation, and to say that it was at his order; he shook hands, and I saluted and departed. Packing did not take long in the Army; after a quick and early lunch, I loaded myself and my belongings on a Ford car, and started off, proceeding by way of Toul, which was full of American troops. I arrived at Saizerais, which was really only a village, about the middle of the afternoon, but was unable to discover any signs whatever of First Corps Headquarters, the only troops in evidence being some elements of an American division which had just been relieved, and which were on their way back to the rear of the Sector. As I was walking down the principal street, very much puzzled as to what to do next, I suddenly came face to face with General Craig, who had just arrived in a staff car. He told me that they could not possibly get into the place before the next day, and that I had better go away and spend the night somewhere, and return the following morning. I must have looked nonplussed, for he laughed, and said that there was a town called Liverdun just below, where I could find a place to sleep. Accordingly, I started off again in my Ford, with nothing to do for the next eighteen hours, in search of a place to do it in, and greatly cheered by my friendly little encounter with the General.

Liverdun was situated on the top of a high hill overlooking the Moselle; in some places the drop was sheer down to the river itself. The town was literally crammed full of American troops. I went at once to the Billeting Officer, a greatly harassed individual, who seemed to have so much on his mind that he was unable to focus his attention on me at all until I had actually forced my orders into his hand, at the same time standing over him, and explaining to him with some heat that I simply must have a billet for the night. He told me, with somewhat unnecessary emphasis, that he could not get another officer into that town with a shoe horn, but relented slightly, after he had blown off steam, and suggested that I should go to the Mairie and see what I could do; he said that the school-room there was large and airy, and that, as far as he knew, it was unoccupied. No man can make bricks without straw. It was easy to see that he was at his wits' end, and others were crowding into his little office on the same mission as myself. So, making a virtue of necessity, I climbed back into the Ford, and, after some difficulty, we found the Mairie. Leaving my conveyance at the door, I entered, and, seeing no one, I made a personal reconnaissance of the situation. The school-room was all that had been claimed for it, and the floor was clean although, being of stone, it was not so desirable for sleeping purposes as it might have been. Before finally settling myself, however, I decided to investigate further, and started up the stairs. At the top I met a French woman and two small children, who were all three surveying my advent with surprised interest. Full of apologies for my intrusion, I explained my predicament, and asked if I might be permitted to pass the night

downstairs. The response was immediate and whole-hearted. Certainly! But she could do better for me than that. Look, here was a bed-room upstairs which was unoccupied. It would give them much pleasure if I would make use of it. It seemed too good to be true. I accepted the invitation with great thankfulness. My military chauffeur, if the driver of a Ford can be dignified by that name, carried up to my room what few personal possessions I needed for the night, and I sent him off to shift for himself, with strict injunctions not to let my belongings out of his sight for a moment, and to sleep on the back seat of the car; I knew that he would find no difficulty in subsisting himself for two meals in a town so full of troops. With true hospitality, I was invited to have supper with the family, but with the utmost tact possible I declined, on the ground that I had immediate duties to perform which would not permit me to remain for the moment. It was impossible to tell how low the supply of food might be in a French family, close up to the front. Once they had taken you in, all that they had was yours. I simply did not dare to risk it, on account of the children. As I walked up the street, I met an officer whom I had known for years in New York. Together we invaded a likely looking French domicile, and without great difficulty, and for a consideration which more than replaced what we consumed, we persuaded the good woman of the house and her two grown daughters to cook some supper for us.

It was dark when we had finished, and we were just settling down for a talk and a smoke, when the alerte sounded. It was a clear night, and the Boche planes had been sighted, on their way to shower their usual unwelcome attentions upon Nancy and Toul, and it was perfectly certain that they would let go some bombs en route on any town as large as Liverdun. I thought with satisfaction of the Mairie, a building with thick stone walls and solidly built, and decided to get home before the party started. The town was full of hurrying forms, making for shelter. I ran down the street, and when I reached the Mairie, I found, huddled together just inside the door, a score of white-faced and panting children, not one of whom was over fifteen years of age; some of them were so small, that they had to be helped by the older ones; some were so young that they must have been doing this same thing, taking refuge from an enemy which made war on women and children, every clear night for practically all of their lives. It made one see red. I thought of my kind French woman and of her two children, and wondered what they were doing, and started up the stairs to see. The building was in complete darkness. As I neared the top of the stairs, I met them. She had in her arms the little girl, who was sound asleep; in one hand she held a lighted candle, and with the other she grasped the hand of her little boy, who was so heavy with sleep that he could hardly stand upright. It was still only a couple of minutes since the alerte had first sounded. I asked where she was going, and she said to the cellar. I took the candle from her, and the little boy, and, all together, we made our way down two flights of stairs. There, in the middle of the cellar, was an enormous stone furnace, with walls two feet thick. She opened the door of the furnace, disclosing a heap of straw covered with a blanket, and in

there she laid her little girl, still sound asleep; the boy crawled in through the opening and lay down beside her, and was oblivious to his surroundings in no time at all. It was a most wonderful *abri*. Outside, the drop was sheer down to the Moselle, so that any bomb would explode far below. Only a direct hit would do any damage. The mother told me that she had spent every clear night in that cellar for four years. She said, however, that there were certain advantages; usually many of the neighbours came in, and it was very sociable; perhaps they would come later, and I had better remain there. I thought, however, of that cool and home-like room upstairs, overlooking an inner walled garden, and I decided to take a chance, although I assured her that I would return if it got too thick above later on. As a matter of fact, that particular raid was not a bad one. Several bombs were dropped, a few on the fringes of the town, but most of them landed in adjoining fields, and the rest of the night was quiet.

In the morning the little family, in spite of all that I could say, insisted upon giving me *petit déjeuner*,—coffee without sugar or milk, bread without butter, and fruit. It was impossible to refuse. The small boy sat at the table with me, and acted as host with perfect courtesy. He showed me photographs of his father, who was *brancardier* with the Armies, and who had been given the Croix de Guerre, and of whom he was obviously immensely proud. Soon the time came for departure. I asked Madame if she would have the goodness to tell me the extent to which I was indebted to her for the accommodation which I had received; her kindness I felt that I could never repay. She refused absolutely to hear of any payment whatever. No, the Americans had come to help and to aid France, and any little thing that one could do for them was as nothing. I finally succeeded in circumventing her, by persuading her to allow me to make gifts to each of the children, with which they might buy some little souvenirs of my visit. Delighted, they then both insisted that they should make me gifts in return. They disappeared into the garden for a space, but soon returned, the boy with a paper bag full of mirabelles and the little girl with her arms full of flowers, which she proceeded to arrange in a bouquet. They accompanied me to the steps, where the Ford was awaiting me, the driver looking none the worse for having roughed it a bit for the night, and, as I drove away, all three, framed in the doorway, were waving hands and handkerchiefs, and were calling after me all sorts of warm-hearted good wishes.

CENTURION.

(*To be continued*)

The true secret of cheerfulness lies in forgetting yourself and your personal interests. —PALAU.

REMARKS BY THE WAY

REFERRING to the death of King George of England in last April's QUARTERLY, we concluded with these words:

> For the example which he and Queen Mary set in their own home, as man and wife, as father and mother, it would be impossible to be too grateful. They hated immorality and vulgarity. One can only hope that the Queen will continue to exert the same influence, *unimpeded* [not italicized originally].
>
> Everyone must wish that the new King will leave as fine a record behind him. To use an old-time expression: may he grow in grace as in wisdom and dignity, and live to be blest by his people as his father was before him.

We chose our words with care, realizing that it would require something of a miracle if our prayer for Edward VIII were to be answered. His private record was terribly against him, as was widely known in America after his visit some years ago to Long Island and to the "fast set" there, when he left a trail behind him which disgusted right-thinking Americans, and fully prepared the public for the climax just passed. In brief, by placing his personal pleasure above his duty to his country, to the Throne, to his mother—and to the ordinary decencies, he proved himself unfit and unworthy to be a King. His claim had always been that his private life was his own affair. No one's private life is his own affair, and the greater a man's position, the greater is his responsibility for the example he sets and for the contagion of his behaviour. This is true not of Kings only. Not so many years ago, first one and then another President of the United States Steel Corporation was forced to resign his office for "private" conduct deemed unbecoming in a man of that standing, with a public, though purely commercial, responsibility. Mere membership in a Church, in a Society, imposes a corporate obligation, super- or extra-personal. Under that head alone, no man is fit to be a King whose conduct and whose claims present the opposite point of view.

The measure of a man's rights, whether as King or commoner, is the measure of his self-surrender. That is fundamental. If my position entitles me to respect, and my behaviour makes respect impossible,—I do more than degrade myself: I degrade my position. And Edward VIII degraded his position. He dragged the monarchical principle in the mud. He wanted to marry a woman already twice divorced, with both husbands living, whose last divorce was a shock to those who have clung to the belief that the Courts of England could not be swayed by "influence" (a verbatim report of the case was published here); and he wanted to do this, on some basis or other, while still remaining King. When told that this was impossible, he abandoned his duty for the sake of a transitory whim. More than a whim it cannot be. We prefer to say nothing of the woman. She is forty. We leave it to our readers to decide what she would have done if she had really loved him. That, for the moment, she has great influence over him, is obvious. How would a good woman, if she loved

him, have exercised her influence? *La Dame aux Camélias* answered that question long ago; so, in principle, did the old play, *David Garrick*.

As for him, he has proved himself heartless. In the long run, sons always treat their wives as they treated their mothers. He has nearly broken his mother's heart, devoted to him—a good mother, a good woman. He will never break his wife's *heart* (if she becomes his wife): that is self-evident. But he will turn this way and that, as the impulse seizes him,—as he has turned from one to another for many years past,—even their names known to everyone. The exact nature of his relations with these women, is unimportant. They were, in any case, passing infatuations.

We are outspoken for more reasons than one. Great principles are involved, and it would be impossible to make these clear without explicit statement of some of the facts. But another and equally important reason is that sentiment is still being manufactured in his favour on the basis of this nasty scandal being "a great love" which it was unkind, if not a crime, to balk. And this is revolting, because love is a divine reality—in this world, a divine possibility—an ideal to be held sacred and inviolate by all of us; if not known, then at least believed in. A "great love"! That man and that woman, their pasts written on their faces, their recent conduct an infallible indication of their natures! Self-seeking in any form is the antithesis of *love*.

Sentimentality is always dangerous, as it leads men (not to speak of women) to shut their eyes to any fact which does not accord with their emotional sympathies. We cannot reach such people directly (they certainly do not read the QUARTERLY!), but we should like to ask what they would think of a professional soldier who, in the midst of war, resigned his commission because he was "in love" with some woman and was not allowed to keep her with him at the front. Such a man would be a traitor to his country, and a disgrace to himself, and to the woman,—to *any* woman. Yet Edward accepted his King's commission on the death of his father, and a King is on active service for life, at every minute of the day and night.

The woman announced that she was "willing", "*if* such action would solve the problem, to withdraw"—which left the situation exactly where it was, except that it should further have revealed her character and purpose, even to the most stupid onlooker. But the underlying fact is that the outcome, in all but form, was settled from the moment the King informed Mr. Baldwin "of his intention to marry Mrs. Simpson whenever she should be free" (the Prime Minister's words in the House of Commons). That was the end, as well as the beginning, where Edward, as King, was concerned. Once his decision became known—and there was no concealing it—he lost the respect of everyone who puts duty first in his own life; he had made such an exhibition of himself that it would have taken years to live it down, even if, during those years, his behaviour had been exemplary,—almost impossible in his case, because his habits are set. And meanwhile the Throne would have been occupied by a man of whom a widely-known American author, H. L. Mencken, at the height of the crisis could write in these terms:

The natural sympathy which all of us poor fools have for one another should not be allowed to obscure the fact that, in the comedy now sinking so miserably into farce, his Britannic Majesty has acted very badly. The conflict in that comedy has not been between a romantic hero on the one hand and a cruel ogre on the other, but one between a silly middle-aged boy and a pedagogue trying to recall him to his duty. . . . [The British people] find themselves confronted by a jazz baby—wilful, petulant, irresponsible and preposterous. It is almost as if he had been caught robbing a hen-roost or joining a circus. . . . The people of the United States would have been quite as shocked if their President had revealed himself in the same character, and proposed to launch into the same folly.

That the man thus indicted could be "charming" and "tactful" when he wanted to be, has no bearing on the issue. The woman he wants to marry can be charming and tactful when she wants to be, for all we know to the contrary; but that would not affect her record, would have no bearing on her moral standards, would not be sufficient to make her welcome in the homes of self-respecting people. We know nothing against her but that which all the world now knows, or ought to know,—which is more than enough; and by this time all the world knows or ought to know, enough of the man who was Edward VIII.

His farewell address, instead of putting him in a less unfavourable light, more than justified the comment of *The New York Times* in a moderate and measured editorial (December 12th): "There was no glorious, even if losing, fight for a high principle. Personal and selfish interests were put above public duty."

. . . . . .

However, let us be thankful that, out of this deplorable affair, the peoples and the family which he dishonoured have come through unscathed, as all the world recognizes, not without admiration. They were loyal to the Rightness they perceived; they were steadfast; they faced their trouble with quiet courage.

Our deepest and most respectful sympathy goes out to Queen Mary. Everyone in America would join in that.

May God bless, strengthen and sustain the new King and Queen. Long may they reign. Everyone in America would join in that too.

* * *

The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people, and they will only remain unshaken while the family life of our race and nation is strong, simple, and pure.—King George V.

We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good and evil which gradually determines character.—George Eliot.

WHAT ARE THE THEOSOPHISTS?[1]

ARE they what they claim to be—students of natural law, of ancient and modern philosophy, and even of exact science? Are they Deists, Atheists, Socialists, Materialists, or Idealists; or are they but a schism of modern Spiritualism—mere visionaries? Are they entitled to any consideration, as capable of discussing philosophy and promoting real science; or should they be treated with the compassionate toleration which one gives to "harmless enthusiasts"? The Theosophical Society has been variously charged with a belief in "miracles", and "miracle-working"; with a secret political object—like the Carbonari; with being spies of an autocratic Czar; with preaching socialistic and nihilistic doctrines; and, *mirabile dictu*, with having a covert understanding with the French Jesuits, to disrupt modern Spiritualism for a pecuniary consideration! With equal violence they have been denounced as dreamers, by the American Positivists; as fetish-worshippers, by some of the New York press; as revivalists of "mouldy superstitions", by the Spiritualists; as infidel emissaries of Satan, by the Christian Church; as the very types of "*gobe-mouche*", by Professor W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S.; and, finally, and most absurdly, some Hindu opponents, with a view to lessening their influence, have flatly charged them with the employment of *demons* to perform certain phenomena. Out of all this pother of opinions one fact stands conspicuous—the Society, its members, and their views, are deemed of enough importance to be discussed and denounced: *Men slander only those whom they hate—or fear.*

But, if the Society has had its enemies and traducers, it has also had its friends and advocates. For every word of censure, there has been a word of praise. Beginning with a party of about a dozen earnest men and women, a month later its numbers had so increased as to necessitate the hiring of a public hall for its meetings; within two years, it had working branches in European countries. Still later, it found itself in alliance with the Indian Arya Samaj,

[1] In our October, 1936, issue, we reprinted an article by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, which appeared originally in the last number of the magazine she then edited,—the last number before her death, and the last in fact, because, although in name it was continued, in spirit it expired. The article we now reprint, also written by H.P.B., appeared in the first number of the first volume of *The Theosophist*, dated October, 1879,—the first magazine she edited. It was her initial declaration of principles when she began her public work in India. Efforts to continue a magazine under the same name, after she had retired from its editorship, produced a rattle as of dead men's bones,—and her bones were not among them.—EDITORS.

headed by the learned Pandit Dayánund Saraswati Swámi, and the Ceylonese Buddhists, under the erudite H. Sumangala, High Priest of Adam's Peak and President of the Widyodaya College, Colombo.

He who would seriously attempt to fathom the psychological sciences, must come to the sacred land of ancient Aryavarta. None is older than she in esoteric wisdom and civilization, however fallen may be her poor shadow—modern India. Holding this country, as we do, for the fruitful hot-bed whence proceeded all subsequent philosophical systems, to this source of all psychology and philosophy a portion of our Society has come to learn its ancient wisdom and ask for the impartation of its weird secrets. Philology has made too much progress to require at this late day a demonstration of this fact of the primogenitive nationality of Aryâvart. The unproved and prejudiced hypothesis of modern chronology is not worthy of a moment's thought, and it will vanish in time like so many other unproved hypotheses. The line of philosophical heredity, from Kapila through Epicurus to James Mill; from Patánjali through Plotinus to Jacob Böhme, can be traced like the course of a river through a landscape. One of the objects of the Society's organization was to examine the too transcendent views of the Spiritualists in regard to the powers of disembodied spirits; and, having told them what, in our opinion at least, a portion of their phenomena are *not*, it will become incumbent upon us now to show what they are. So apparent is it that it is in the East, and especially in India, that the key to the alleged "supernatural" phenomena of the Spiritualists must be sought, that it has recently been conceded in the Allahabad *Pioneer* (August 11th, 1879), an Anglo-Indian daily journal which has not the reputation of saying what it does not mean. Blaming the men of science who, "intent upon physical discovery, for some generations have been too prone to neglect super-physical investigation", it mentions "the new wave of doubt" (Spiritualism) which has "latterly disturbed this conviction". To a large number of persons, including many of high culture and intelligence, it adds: "The supernatural has again asserted itself as a fit subject of inquiry and research. And there are plausible hypotheses in favour of the idea that among the 'sages' of the East . . . there may be found in a higher degree than among the more modernized inhabitants of the West, traces of those personal peculiarities, whatever they may be, which are required as a condition precedent to the occurrence of supernatural phenomena." And then, unaware that the cause he pleads is one of the chief aims and objects of our Society, the editorial writer remarks that it is "the only direction in which, it seems to us, the efforts of the Theosophists in India might possibly be useful. The leading members of the Theosophical Society in India are known to be very advanced students of occult phenomena, already, and we cannot but hope that their professions of interest in Oriental philosophy . . . may cover a reserved intention of carrying out explorations of the kind we indicate."

While, as observed, one of our objects, it yet is but one of many; the most important of which is to revive the work of Ammonius Saccas, and make various nations remember that they are the children "of one mother". As to the tran-

scendental side of ancient Theosophy, it is also high time that the Theosophical Society should explain. With how much, then, of this nature-searching, God-seeking science of the ancient Aryan and Greek mystics, and of the powers of modern spiritual mediumship, does the Society agree? Our answer is: with it all. But if asked what it believes in, the reply will be: "*as a body*—Nothing." The Society, as a body, has no creed, as creeds are but the shells around spiritual knowledge; and Theosophy in its fruition is spiritual knowledge itself—the very essence of philosophical and theistic enquiry. Visible representative of Universal Theosophy, it can no more be sectarian than a Geographical Society, which represents universal geographical exploration without caring whether the explorers be of one creed or another. The religion of the Society is an algebraical equation, in which so long as the sign = of equality is not omitted, each member is allowed to substitute quantities of his own, which better accord with climatic and other exigencies of his native land, with the idiosyncrasies of his people, or even with his own. Having no accepted creed, our Society is very ready to give and take, to learn and teach, by practical experimentation, as opposed to mere passive and credulous acceptance of enforced dogma. It is willing to accept every result claimed by any of the foregoing schools or systems, that can be logically and experimentally demonstrated. Conversely, it can take nothing on mere faith, no matter by whom the demand may be made.

But, when we come to consider ourselves individually, it is quite another thing. The Society's members represent the most varied nationalities and races, and were born and educated in the most dissimilar creeds and social conditions. Some of them believe in one thing, others in another. Some incline toward the ancient *magic*, or secret wisdom that was taught in the sanctuaries, which was the very opposite of supernaturalism or diabolism; others in modern spiritualism, or intercourse with the spirits of the dead; still others in mesmerism or animal magnetism or only in an occult dynamic force in nature. A certain number have scarcely yet acquired any definite belief, but are in a state of attentive expectancy; and there are even those who call themselves materialists, in a certain sense. Of atheists and bigoted sectarians of any religion, there are none in the Society; for the very fact of a man's joining it proves that he is in search of the final truth as to the ultimate essence of things. If there be such a thing as a speculative atheist, which philosophers may deny, he would have to reject both cause and effect, whether in this world of matter, or in that of spirit. There may be members who, like the poet Shelley, have let their imagination soar from cause to prior cause *ad infinitum*, as each in its turn became logically transformed into a result necessitating a prior cause, until they have thinned the Eternal into a mere mist. But even they are not atheists in the speculative sense, whether they identify the material forces of the universe with the functions with which the theists endow their God, or otherwise; for once that they cannot free themselves from the conception of the abstract ideal of power, cause, necessity, and effect, they can be considered as atheists only in respect to a personal God, and not to the Universal Soul of the Pantheist. On the other hand, the bigoted sectarian,

fenced in, as he is, with a creed upon every paling of which is written the warning "No Thoroughfare", can neither come out of his enclosure to join the Theosophical Society, nor, if he could, has it room for one whose very religion forbids examination. The very root idea of the Society is free and fearless investigation.

As a body, the Theosophical Society holds that all original thinkers and investigators of the hidden side of nature, whether materialists—those who find matter "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life"—or spiritualists, that is, those who discover in spirit the source of all energy and of matter as well, were and are, properly, Theosophists. For to be one, one need not necessarily recognize the existence of any special God or a deity. One need but worship the spirit of living nature, and try to identify oneself with it. To revere that *Presence*, the invisible Cause, which is yet ever manifesting itself in its incessant results; the intangible, omnipotent, and omnipresent Proteus: indivisible in its Essence, and eluding form, yet appearing under all and every form; who is here and there and everywhere and nowhere; is *All* and *Nothing;* ubiquitous yet one; the Essence filling, binding, bounding, containing everything; contained in all. It will, we think, be seen now, that whether classed as Theists, Pantheists or Atheists, such men are all near kinsmen to the rest. Be what he may, once a student abandons the old and trodden highway of routine, and enters upon the solitary path of independent thought—Godward—he is a Theosophist; an original thinker, a seeker after the eternal truth with "an inspiration of his own" to solve the universal problems.

With every man that is earnestly searching in his own way after a knowledge of the Divine Principle, of man's relations to it, and nature's manifestations of it, Theosophy is allied. It is likewise the ally of honest science, as distinguished from much that passes for *exact*, physical science, so long as the latter does not poach on the domains of psychology and metaphysics.

And it is also the ally of every honest religion—to wit: a religion willing to be judged by the same tests as it applies to the others. Those books, which contain the most self-evident truths, are to it inspired (not revealed). But all books it regards, on account of the human element contained in them, as inferior to the Book of Nature; to read which and comprehend it correctly, the innate powers of the soul must be highly developed. Ideal laws can be perceived by the intuitive faculty alone; they are beyond the domain of argument and dialectics, and no one can understand or rightly appreciate them through the explanations of another mind, even though this mind be claiming a direct revelation. And, as this Society, which allows the widest sweep in the realms of the pure ideal, is no less firm in the sphere of facts, its deference to modern science and its just representatives is sincere. Despite all their lack of a higher spiritual intuition, the world's debt to the representatives of modern physical science is immense; hence, the Society endorses heartily the noble and indignant protest of that gifted and eloquent preacher, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, against those who try to undervalue the services of our great naturalists. "Talk of Science as being irreligious, atheistic", he exclaimed in a recent lecture,

delivered at New York,—"Science is creating a new idea of God. It is due to Science that we have any conception at all of a *living* God. If we do not become atheists one of these days under the maddening effect of Protestantism, it will be due to Science, because it is disabusing us of hideous illusions that tease and embarrass us, and putting us in the way of knowing how to reason about the things we see. . . ."

And it is also due to the unremitting labours of such Orientalists as Sir W. Jones, Max Müller, Burnouf, Colebrooke, Haug, St. Hilaire, and so many others, that the Society, as a body, feels equal respect and veneration for Vedic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, and other old religions of the world; and a like brotherly feeling towards its Hindu, Sinhalese, Parsi, Jain, Hebrew, and Christian members as individual students of "self", of nature, and of the divine in nature.

Born in the United States of America, the Society was constituted on the model of its Mother Land. The latter, omitting the name of God from its constitution lest it should afford a pretext one day to make a state religion, gives absolute equality to all religions in its laws. All support and each is in turn protected by the State. The Society, modelled upon this constitution, may fairly be termed a "Republic of Conscience".

We have now, we think, made clear why our members, as individuals, are free to stay outside or inside any creed they please, provided they do not pretend that none but themselves shall enjoy the privilege of conscience, and try to force their opinions upon the others. In this respect the Rules of the Society are very strict. It tries to act upon the wisdom of the old Buddhistic axiom, "Honour thine own faith, and do not slander that of others"; echoed back in our present century in the "Declaration of Principles" of the Brahmo Samaj, which so nobly states that: "no sect shall be vilified, ridiculed, or hated". In Section VI of the Revised Rules of the Theosophical Society, recently adopted in General Council, at Bombay, is this mandate: "It is not lawful for any officer of the Parent Society to express, by word or act, any hostility to or preference for, any one section (sectarian division, or group, within the Society) more than another. All must be regarded and treated as equally the objects of the Society's solicitude and exertions. All have an equal right to have the essential features of their religious belief laid before the tribunal of an impartial world." In their individual capacity, members may, when attacked, occasionally break this Rule; but, nevertheless, as officers they are restrained, and the Rule is strictly enforced during the meetings. For, above all human sects stands Theosophy in its abstract sense; Theosophy which is too wide for any of them to contain but which easily contains them all.

In conclusion, we may state that, broader and far more universal in its views than any existing mere scientific Society, it has, *plus* science, its belief in every possibility, and determined will to penetrate into those unknown spiritual regions which exact science pretends that its votaries have no business to explore. And it has one quality more than any religion in that it makes no difference between Gentile, Jew, or Christian. It is in this spirit that the Society has been established upon the footing of a Universal Brotherhood.

Unconcerned about politics; *hostile to the insane dreams of Socialism and of Communism, which it abhors—as both are but disguised conspiracies of brutal force and sluggishness against honest labour;*[2] the Society cares but little about the outward human management of the material world. The whole of its aspirations are directed towards the occult truths of the visible and invisible worlds. Whether the physical man be under the rule of an empire or a republic, concerns only the man of matter. His body may be enslaved; as to his Soul, he has the right to give to his rulers the proud answer of Socrates to his Judges: they have no sway over the *inner* man.

Such is, then, the Theosophical Society, and such its principles, its multifarious aims, and its objects. Need we wonder at the past misconceptions of the general public, and the easy hold the enemy has been able to find to lower it in the public estimation? The true student has ever been a recluse, a man of silence and meditation. With the busy world his habits and tastes have so little in common that, while he is studying, his enemies and slanderers have undisturbed opportunities. But time cures all and lies are but *ephemeræ*. Truth alone is eternal.

About a few of the Fellows of the Society who have made scientific discoveries, and some others to whom the psychologist and the biologist are indebted for the new light thrown upon the darker problems of the inner man, we will speak later on. Our object now was but to prove to the reader that Theosophy is neither "a new-fangled doctrine", a political cabal, nor one of those societies of enthusiasts which are born to-day but to die to-morrow. That not all of its members can think alike, is proved by the Society having organized into two great Divisions—the Eastern and the Western—the former being divided into numerous sections, according to races and religious views. One man's thought, infinitely various as are its manifestations, is not all-embracing. Denied ubiquity, it must necessarily speculate in one direction; and, once transcending the boundaries of exact human knowledge, it has to err and wander, for the ramifications of the one Central and Absolute Truth are infinite. Hence, we occasionally find even the greatest philosophers losing themselves in the labyrinths of speculations, thereby provoking the criticism of posterity. But as all work for one and the same object, namely, the disenthrallment of human thought, the elimination of superstitions, and the discovery of truth, all are equally welcome. The attainment of these objects, all agree, can best be secured by convincing the reason and warming the enthusiasm of the generation of fresh young minds, that are just ripening into maturity, and making ready to take the place of their prejudiced and conservative fathers. And, as each—the great ones as well as small—have trodden the royal road to knowledge, we listen to all, and take both small and great into our fellowship. For no honest searcher comes back empty-handed, and even he who has enjoyed the least share of popular favour can lay at least his mite upon the one altar of Truth.

[2] These italics are ours. Not within The Theosophical Society, but outside its ranks, are self-styled Theosophists who write of Soviet Russia as if it were a Star of Hope for mankind, and who, in England especially, attempt to reconcile the principles of Theosophy with political tenets which H.P.B. condemned as "insane dreams". Such people choose to forget, presumably, that in India, while she was still suspected of being a Russian spy, H.P.B. published her magazine, *The Theosophist*, with a deep mourning border when Alexander II was murdered by the Nihilists in 1881. They forget, or may not know, that although she became a citizen of the United States, she remained passionately loyal to the Russian Czardom to the day of her death.—EDITORS.

REVIEWS

The Dhammapada, translated from the Pâli, with an Essay on Buddha and the Occident, by Irving Babbitt; Oxford University Press, 1936; price, $2.00.

The late Irving Babbitt was an uncompromising champion of the so-called classical tradition. He believed that man achieves his destiny by the exercise of an inflexible will, by the rigid control of mind and body, by the restraint of emotion and desire. In an admirable book, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, he pointed to the dangers which threaten the modern Occident, because its dominant philosophy of life disregards these ancient virtues. Self-discipline is incompatible with self-expression, in the contemporary sense of this term. Professor Babbitt loathed the "romantic movement" which in its modern form began with the Renaissance and which has been primarily responsible, as he thought, for three of the outstanding characteristics of modern civilization,—materialistic rationalism, utilitarianism, and sentimentality.

Professor Babbitt seems to have become interested in Gautama Buddha because that great religious teacher can indeed be regarded as a supreme exponent of the classical tradition at its best. The *Dhammapada*, one of the clearest and simplest of scriptures, lays special emphasis on the need for constant vigilance and wakefulness. Its central theme is the power of right will and right thought to transform the mortal into the immortal. Professor Babbitt turned to the Buddha, with almost religious ardour, as the living proof of the doctrine that only he who "has forsaken and utterly eradicated all the appetites" of the personal man, can become veritably human, "the noble, the hero, the great seer, the conqueror, the impassible, the sinless, the awakened".

The "Essay on Buddha and the Occident" may be read with profit by every serious student of Buddhism. It really illumines certain aspects of the Indian Master's life and teaching. Professor Babbitt understood his subject better than many Buddhists. He even noted a factor which Mr. Charles Johnston often stressed,—that the Buddha's sayings reveal an exquisite sense of humour. A few citations will illustrate Professor Babbitt's point of view.

> [The Buddha] does not hope, like Rousseau and the sentimentalists, to unify life in terms of feeling; nor again, after the fashion of philosophers like Hegel, to unify it in terms of intellect. The unification that Buddha seeks is to be achieved by the exercise of a certain quality of will that says No to the outgoing desires with a view to the substitution of the more permanent for the less permanent among these desires, and finally

to the escape from impermanence altogether. His assertion of this quality of will is positive and empirical to the last degree. . . . The Western student is likely to be repelled by Nirvana, but is almost invariably attracted by the prominence Buddha gives to love or compassion. Buddhist love can, however, like Nirvana, be understood only in connection with the special form of activity which is put forth in meditation. It does not well forth spontaneously from the natural man but is, like Christian charity, the supernatural virtue *par excellence*. The current confusion on this point is perhaps the most striking outcome of the sentimentalism of the eighteenth century, and of the emotional romanticism of the nineteenth century that prolonged it. This confusion may be defined psychologically as a tendency to substitute for a superrational concentration of will, a subrational expansion of feeling. How many persons, for example, exalt the "love" of St. Francis who, in their total outlook on life, are almost inconceivably remote from the humility, chastity and poverty from which, in the eyes of St. Francis himself, that love was inseparable! . . . In general, a collateral benefit of any comprehension one may achieve of Buddha, is that it will help one to a better understanding of Christ. One will be less likely to confound him with the humanitarian phantom that has for several generations past tended to usurp his place. . . . Everything will be found to hinge finally on the idea of meditation. This idea has suffered a steady decline in the Occident, along with the transcendent view of life in general, in the passage from the mediæval to the modern period. Yet it is not certain that religion itself can survive unless men retain some sense of the wisdom that may, according to Dante, be won by sitting in quiet recollection.

In truth, every real religion is a "religion of the will". The current supposition that Christianity is a form of sentimental humanitarianism is far more blasphemous, in the reviewer's opinion, than many types of "atheism". This basic fact Professor Babbitt recognized and enunciated as clearly as possible. However, there are other attested spiritual facts which he did not perceive. He did not comprehend, for example, that devils as well as angels can meditate; that the black magician uses the will to suppress the "outgoing desires" and to direct the movements of the mind. It is said that the difference between the Bright and Dark Powers, between white and black magic, is a difference of motive. The black magician kills out all sentiments save one,—the love of self; but the Masters have not suppressed the "outgoing desires" on the spiritual plane. Professor Babbitt rightly distinguished between a divine compassion for all creatures, and the subrational pity (so often a mode of self-pity) which anyone may feel in the presence of another's pain or distress. But the Masters' compassion and love are their most "immediate states of consciousness". If it were not so, as both the Buddha and the Christ have testified, no power in heaven or earth could induce them to incarnate in the world of unregenerate humanity.

We believe that Professor Babbitt did not rightly discern at this point between the immortal and the mortal. This may explain his complete failure to understand the ecstasies of the Neoplatonists and the raptures of Christian saints. He confused *Bhakti Yoga* with maudlin emotion. The "extravagant theosophy" of Mahayana Buddhism seemed to him nothing but a perversion of the original Buddhist tradition. He did not recognize the essential difference between Lao-Tze and Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The reader of this excellent treatise will be wise to refrain from accepting too readily Professor

Babbitt's very unsatisfactory identification of pantheistic mysticism with "primitivistic revery".

There is another important factor which, like almost all writers on religious origins, Professor Babbitt overlooked. The Buddha and the Christ brought a message which had a meaning for all men. But, as has been stated, their specific mission was not to found a Church, but an Order of Disciples. When interpreting the discipline they taught, the need of the individual and his stage of development, must always be considered. V.S.

Contendings of the Apostles, translated from the Ethiopic manuscripts in the British Museum, by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge; Oxford University Press, 1935; price, $4.25.

The book is an abridgment in a handy, one-volume form, of the much larger work by the same translator, published at the close of the last century. It tells of the life and work of each of the twelve Apostles (Matthias being chosen to replace Judas Iscariot) and of Paul, from the time they started on their preaching mission, to the martyr-death which each eventually suffered. In manuscript form it dates only from mediæval times, but many of the stories originated close to the time of Christ, some being similar in style and subject matter to the biblical narrative, with the same convincing quality; others being written by young disciples eager to paint in heightened colour the miraculous power of their particular teacher, while still others have the characteristic exaggerations of legend. Whether fabulous or not, the stories leave one with a sense of having been with real people, of having had a view of the Apostles as their close associates knew them, and of the stupendous difficulties they surmounted.

Of that early group, Paul alone stands out as a man of unusual greatness, and stories centring about his name all show his admirable resourcefulness, tremendous force and great valour. In one story suggestive of his own statement that he became all things to all men, he is shown approaching a great and beautiful pagan city, and meeting Peter and Andrew who are coming sadly away because the gates are locked and strangers are not only forbidden to enter but are stoned at sight—lest some of those sorcerers, the followers of the Nazarene, may gain access and corrupt the people. "And when St. Paul heard these words from them, his mind woke up like a lion that roareth to rend prey." Continuing alone toward the city, he meets two men who tell him that their trade is the making of sacerdotal robes, and that they are on their way to sell to priests in the temple of Artemis, within the walls. Quick to seize his opportunity, Paul says he has come "out of a temple", he is a priest, robes are just what he is seeking, and he will buy what they have. In this new garb, he has no difficulty in passing the keepers of the gates—is escorted in with honour, in fact. He goes straight to the authorities, startling and impressing them by announcing that he is from the temple of the king and has been sent with a message from the gods. He then prophesies the coming of

two followers of the Galilean, and when told that they had already come that morning but had been driven away with stones, he shows great anger and urges that soldiers be sent immediately to bring them in under arrest. Like wildfire, the rumour spreads through the city that a messenger from the gods has arrived, and a multitude gathers. The scene is highly dramatic—the vast temple with its expectant throng; Paul in his pagan regalia, placed on a throne of honour; and "seated in a low place at his feet", a council of magistrates and governors. Before them the soldiers suddenly appear, dragging Peter and Andrew in chains. The latter gaze in amazement at Paul, apparently gone over to the enemy and himself bringing accusation against them and conducting their cross examination. With great sternness, Paul compels them to "confess" who they are, whence they come, and exactly what are the beliefs with which they are disturbing the nations. He plays his part superbly, and through that day and the next, they are "made" to tell the Gospel story and to work miracles—in a word, given just the opportunity they coveted to reach the people of the city. At length, Paul pronounces their sentence: they are required to raise from the dead a young nobleman who has just died opportunely. If they fail, they are to die by fire, but if they succeed, the city will cease from its worship of idols (such has been the effect of the trial on the populace), and turn to the God of the Christians.

There are many points one would like to touch on—as for instance, a letter from Dionysius the Areopagite to Timothy saying, "I was not present at Peter's death for I had gone away with Paul my master"—and telling with heartfelt grief and lamentation of the deaths of both these revered leaders of their work. At that period, celibacy was apparently a *sine qua non* of embracing the faith, and the emphasis both on that and on the violent adverse reaction it aroused among non-believers is one of the most insistent features of every story, making disagreeable reading at one or two points. But for the most part the stories are of absorbing interest. There is one beautiful legend, in which Andrew and his two disciples find, by the seashore, a ship which is manned, although they do not know it, by angels, and of which the Lord Jesus himself is captain. The conversation during the voyage, full of courtesy and gentle humour, gives a rare picture of the Master Christ as his close followers doubtless knew him during earth life. He questions his passengers at some length regarding their mission and beliefs, and Andrew gravely assures him that if he will sell his ship and give the price to the poor and needy, and remain with them, he (the Lord) will be enabled to do the great works they are doing. At the end of the voyage, the Master continues with them into circumstances where his very presence requires miraculous power, and Andrew suddenly turns on him with, " 'Tell me, O Man, whence comest thou? Whom and what dost Thou worship? And what is Thy faith which hath brought Thee to do these wonderful things?' And our Lord Jesus smiled at Andrew, and said unto him, 'Why are your hearts thus covered over? Lift up your eyes, and know Me'; and thereupon our Lord appeared unto them in the form in which they used to know Him."

Shortly after the Resurrection, the Apostles met to draw lots, determining

in which country each should do his missionary work. Each of them in his own way then showed his utter weakness, facing with fear and dread that going forth into the unknown, that certainty of ignominy and death. It is a significant scene, because by contrast it makes all the more unmistakable the true source of the strength and power and magnificent courage which was poured into the work through these same men, subsequently. They quickly learned that the Master was, as he had promised, nearer than hands and feet; that they could call upon him in every need with the certainty of his instant response—sometimes only spiritually, but very often visibly, to them and to some of those about them. In reliance on him they could draw on his power, whether to work miracles or (greatest of all miracles, perhaps) to fill their own weak natures with the invincible courage that could sweep all obstacles before it. For many readers of the QUARTERLY, this constitutes the chief value of the book, perhaps—the impression it conveys of the Christian Master, living and vital and powerful, watching over his work and incessantly guiding and reinforcing it. J.C.

Speak to the Earth: Wanderings and Reflections among Elephants and Mountains, by Vivienne de Watteville; Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, New York, 1935; price, $3.00.

"Speak to the Earth and it shall teach thee", is written in the Book of Job. Good conversation depends upon the interchange of ideas, not upon the ability of one protagonist to carry on an endless monologue. The earth replies to him who questions her with sympathy, and Miss de Watteville is one of those intelligent and inquiring souls who have something worth while to ask and who listen to earth's profound answer. She is evidently a very extraordinary person. She combines heroic intrepidity with a wide culture and great feminine charm, and her adventures are not only interesting and exciting in themselves, but it is her reaction to them which delights the reader.

The biographical notice on the dust-cover of the book tells us that she was brought up by her father in the forests of Norway and taught the lore of the woods. Later, she went with him on an expedition to East Africa to collect skins of wild animals for the Berne Museum. On this safari her father was killed by a lion. Some years after, she was filled with a longing to return to Africa, this time not to kill the animals, but to know them better and to enter into the mystical life and consciousness of Nature. She went out to Nairobi and obtained permission to camp and photograph in the Masai Game Preserve. The first part of her book is a description of her experiences there, with only the native boys and bearers, photographing and observing the animals; the second part gives an account of her camp on Mt. Kenya and her ascent of the peaks.

The game preserve is full of birds and animals, elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes and man-eating lions. One of the most delightful episodes in the book is Miss de Watteville's contest of roaring with the lions.

After dinner that evening, I took up an empty petrol tin (used for heating the bath water) and practised roaring into it . . . when, to my amazement, two lions actually grunted in answer. I grunted back and again they answered, coming nearer and nearer till just beyond the embers they suddenly broke out into a tremendous roar. Next to my puny effort it was magnificent and deafening, and I roared again with all my lungs to encourage them. Then they roared in concert till the air thrilled and shook with vibrations, and the glorious waves of sound rippled out into the night and were held to the last echo in the amphitheatre of the rocks. . . . Lions in the wild state roar only after they have fed, never when they are hunting and I could detect no anger in them. I believed that they roared in perfectly friendly contest one against the other, glorying in the sound for its own sake. Their attitude towards me was one of good-humoured amusement, and with that kindly superiority of the pro, they were showing me how it really should be done.

There is a lovely passage in which the authoress describes her realization that, no matter how much she loved the animals, they would never trust her until she had transformed herself.

And while I sat and watched the elephants now peacefully feeding in the glad sunshine, and pondered the folly of my quest, something that I had read years ago came into my head. It was the theory (it came, I think, in a book on theosophy) that animals can see auras. I had thought little about it at the time, but now it threw a light on my darkness bright as a revelation. Achievement depended on no external miracle or magic. It was much simpler than that, so simple, in fact, that I had overlooked it. The means had been put into my own hands, for—taking the theory of auras as a working hypothesis—it was I myself who must become something different. . . . I saw now, that I had approached my goal from the wrong angle and that I was altogether unworthy of it. New vistas opened before me, and I suddenly understood that my desire for friendship with the animals committed me to something far greater and deeper than itself. Yet the two things were so inseparable that it was only by pursuing the greater that I could encompass the less. . . . And this power of the spirit was not something one could have, but something one might become. There were no half measures. To come into close spiritual harmony with all Nature (and mankind) demanded the supreme sacrifice contained in the five words: Leave all and follow Me. The saints alone have found the way; or perhaps many have fleetingly beheld it, but only a handful of rare and chosen natures have had the hardihood and courage, the faith, and, above all, the reckless and immeasurable love to follow it. To these the perfect communion with Nature came naturally.

Later, when Miss de Watteville was camping on the slopes of Mt. Kenya, a terrific forest fire broke out, and only by the most strenuous efforts could she and her few black boys save their lives and a little clearing. In this oasis were gathered many little creatures, birds, mice, chamelions and deer to which she gave food and water.

Going back to civilization after so many adventures, physical and spiritual, she writes:

It seemed to me that, as when you march all day in the heat and the dust and have your reward in the brief beauty of the sunset that transmutes the very dust itself, so this quest of solitude—which may sometimes be a lonely ordeal—is rewarded a thousandfold by its rare and fleeting visions. For a little moment all is simplicity; the mists roll up, revealing the peaks serene and strong before you.

It was those visions that I wanted above all else in the world to bring back and to

share; for at the root of all our lives is a great and terrifying loneliness, from which first or last there is no escape.

Yet by going out to meet it halfway, one discovers that its terrors are illusory. Solitude is an ally, there is nothing to fear, for truly "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." . . . Nature may be a cruel contradiction—life for ever warring against life—but her ultimate message is the friendship of God. Secure in that friendship we cannot be afraid. Life is the glorious experiment, and Death the great adventure, when the mists shall at last lift long enough for us to see clearly.

ST.C. LAD.

Modern Alchemy, by Dorothy M. Fisk; D. Appleton-Century Company, London and New York, 1936; price, $1.75.

Alchemy may be defined as the art of transmuting the elements. Less than a century ago it was classified among the exploded superstitions of the dark ages. To-day, as Miss Fisk points out, transmutation is an established fact. One fundamental supposition of the mediæval alchemists has become a working hypothesis of modern chemistry and physics. It is now assumed as a matter of course that the ninety-two elements of the periodic system are modes or variations of a common "substance". However much their respective atoms differ in mass or structure or complexity, the chemist does not doubt that they contain the same basic components. The specific quality of an element is defined by the number and arrangement of these basic components of its atoms. Transmutation becomes, therefore, theoretically possible in the measure that the number and arrangement of protons, electrons, etc. within an atom can be changed. The discovery of radio-activity proved that such a transformation is continuously occurring in nature; and in recent years the process has been successfully imitated in the laboratory. Experiment has actually reached the point where new elements, unknown in any natural state, have been produced.

Miss Fisk traces the history of this modern alchemy with admirable clarity and simplicity and with a minimum of mathematical digression. In many respects, it is the most readable popularization of subatomic physics which has come to our attention. The student of Theosophy finds an added interest in the chapter on ancient and mediæval alchemy. She is exceptionally fair to the professors of the Divine Art. For example, she writes:

We may point to the ancient alchemist gloating optimistically over his few grains of yellow metal. Of what use was he? Was his effort justified? The briefest survey of his achievements yields an unqualified assent. He evolved the science of chemistry, he was the founder of medicine, the forerunner of the physicist.

Miss Fisk suggests that alchemy originated in Egypt as a form of metallurgy, and was in particular concerned with "the colouring and plating of metals, the dyeing of cloth, the production of alloys and imitation precious stones, and the 'doubling' of gold". She does not consider the possibility that the *philosopher's stone* and the *elixir of life* may, indeed, be realities in Nature, and that base metals may have been actually converted into gold by methods beyond the ken of the modern scientist. The modern scientist bombards the

hearts of atoms with rays and corpuscles. But what does he know of the radiant energy which may be released and directed by the trained imagination and will?

Miss Fisk seems to be unaware of the evidence that ancient alchemy was, in its superior aspect, a psychological science. What was the real concern of Paracelsus, for instance? Was it chemistry or medicine, or was it the truly divine art of co-operating with Divine Nature in the formation of an immortal soul? In the higher forms of alchemy, the unregenerate personality of man was symbolized by the "base metal" which can be transmuted into "gold", that is, into the form and substance of the perfect man, the image and likeness of God.

S.L.

Emerson Today, by Bliss Perry, Professor of English Literature, Emeritus, Harvard University; Princeton University Press; price, $2.00.

The contents of this volume were originally delivered as lectures at Princeton University, during 1931. As might be expected from a book with that academic pedigree, it is scholarly, moderate and urbane in its point of view, and it has "a dash" of culture. Unfortunately, it resembles too closely the hundreds of oil paintings annually displayed at our national *salons*. Until the admission a few years ago of modernist daubers, a visitor at the *salons* could always count upon seeing a craftsmanlike exhibit. The painters had learned to draw, colour, and compose; they were conscientious and by no means freakish. But when a humble visitor had thus enumerated the many excellencies of the canvases, with disappointment he was compelled to acknowledge that the painters themselves usually *had nothing to say*. No inspiration breathed from that expanse of picture-covered walls; no vitality pulsed there. There was workmanship of which one need not be ashamed, there was good taste, usually, as also an atmosphere of refinement; but the *creative impulse* had had no part in the conception of those varied scenes. So with this volume. For all its good qualities, it *has nothing to say;* it has no contagion to communicate to any new generation that knows not Emerson.

As the title suggests, the volume is a revaluation. A revaluation of Emerson was made by Matthew Arnold in the past century, forty years after his youthful fervour over the new literary star upon the American horizon, forty years after leaving Balliol College "and that sweet city with her dreaming spires", forty years after "the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar" had drowned the tinkle of Oxford sheep bells; Thyrsis (Clough) had died, and Arnold himself, turning from shepherd's life, had become a man of the world. But he was the son of Arnold of Rugby, and so virile was that father's example—of militant righteousness—and so vital the seed that father sowed, that the world, disappointment, and death could not quench the light that had been transmitted to pupils and son. No one at Oxford ever did read Emerson much, writes Professor Perry, save Arnold, Clough, and their "set" (p. 115); which is to say that, prepared by the intense vitality of Dr. Arnold's character, his pupils and son took their *next step* in becoming ardent admirers of Emerson;

others, not so prepared, continued life as clods, unmindful of the American sage. Emerson's voice had set vibrating the eternal strings stretched upon Matthew Arnold's instrument, and though the town's harsh roar did drown tinkling sheep bells, against the majestic tones of eternal silence it could not prevail—those forty, and more, noisy years were lost as indistinguishable moments and motes. The lofty sentences of the American "man of soul and genius" had fixed themselves in Arnold's memory. When he came, at 60, to revalue the friend of his 20th year, it was not with "disillusioned" eyes that he looked back upon the hero of early days; on the contrary, he reinforced the fervour of youth with the conviction of age sitting serene and detached in its judicial chair.

The generation of to-day comes to the reading of Emerson—if it come—unprepared by the earnest, domestic environment of seventy-five years ago. Lacking such preparation, present-day readers may find Emerson particularly difficult. No better introduction to Emerson is as yet to be had than Arnold's essay. The publishers of Emerson, if they were men of educative aims, would certainly incorporate that essay as a preface to Emerson's writings. For Arnold *had* some definite things to say, and he said them with conviction, with moving eloquence, with lyrical charm. C.

Ancient Life in Mexico and Central America, by Edgar L. Hewett; The Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York, 1936; price, $4.00.

Dr. Edgar Hewett is President of the Schools of American Research of the Archæological Institute of America, and Professor of Archæology in the Universities of New Mexico and of Southern California. His book is the most interesting of the many which have appeared in recent years on the subject of life in Mexico and Central America, and is distinguished by its elevated point of view,—its "culture". Culture is precisely what Dr. Hewett would wish to be distinguished for. He is one of the very few modern archæologists who understand what it means, and it is of the culture, the accumulated inner attainments of the American Indian that he writes. He opens his book by saying:

> We have in ancient culture-centres of America—the Southwest, Mexico, Central America, Peru—an aboriginal people of numerous languages and general similarity in culture type and somatic character, surviving from what must seem to them in retrospect a Golden Age. They are so non-mechanically minded as to be considered a "backward race" by their masters. They actually possess as mature a culture of the esthetic-religious type as the world has produced, and, though stunned by the impact of a ruthless and barbaric conqueror, the European, they are holding on in the face of appalling disaster, stolidly keeping alive their sacred fires from which the soul of a race may be rekindled; unconsciously living the heroic life. . . . Finally, let it always be kept in mind that in writing on ancient America the objective is not *history of civilization*, but *culture history;* that what is aimed at here is an interpretation of the Indian race, not in terms of *European civilization*, but in terms of *Indian culture*.

Dr. Hewett points out that in the Americas the archæologist has a magnificent field for study, because there exist not only monuments, but Indians

from whom he may learn to understand the ancient life. He deplores the "laboratory" and "Museum" type of science.

> We have in America too many pyramided errors that writers of our mechanically-minded race have erected by reading into ancient phenomena scientific and mechanical achievements unthinkable to the mystically-minded Indian. What disillusionment if we could call up the spirits of ancient Indian priests and get some real information! . . . A generation has been wasted on unworkable nomenclatures, and the subject has been messed up with new cultures for every change of diet or habitat: Corn complex, Salmon culture, Basket Makers, Pit House people, Slab House people, Fumarole people! Why not in recent American history the Baked Bean culture, the Pot Likker people, the Great American Pie culture, the Sod House people, the Frame Shack people, the Tin Lizzie age?

Dr. Hewett describes the state of mind of the "Dirt" archæologist (and it is his own state of mind) in terms with which all true students of history must sympathize.

> He . . . has the patience of Job derived from contemplation of the long procession of the ages, has boundless faith in and admiration for his remote ancestors, and believes that man learns mainly by experience. . . . He has little use for the forward-looking person who does not know his past. He believes that the true progressive is one who knows what has and has not worked in human experience, and is guided thereby. He views every "new deal" with a critical eye, for history has been largely a succession of new deals. That is what gives the archæologist so much to do. Russia, Italy, Germany, China, are all getting new deals at the present time. Archæologists look forward eagerly to their future opportunities there. The American Indian got a new deal when Columbus landed on these shores.

Of course, all was not sweetness and light when Columbus and Cortez reached the Americas. The Incas, whether with high talk of ideals or with unadorned force, had regimented the Peruvians into the "totalitarian" state of ants. The Mayas were decimated by civil war and pestilence, and the Aztecs were given over to black magic and bloody superstitions. However, the solution of these problems might have come from within, in accordance with the racial genius, had the Indians been left to settle them unconquered. We cannot quote all of Dr. Hewett's interesting comments, but it can easily be seen that he has much of value to contribute to what many writers make a very dusty subject.

St.C. LaD.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

In *Notes and Comments* (July, 1936) reference was made to M. Jean Coutrot's *De Quoi Vivre*. M. Coutrot kindly expressed his interest in what was said there, but raised the objection that I had completely misrepresented his thought. He also enclosed a pamphlet entitled *Des Dangers du Dogmatisme*, the author of which, M. Roger du Teil, states that my failure to understand M. Coutrot is due to dogmatism.

A careful study of M. Coutrot's book obliges me to conclude that I did not treat him fairly, and I request this opportunity to make such *amende honor-*

able as is necessary. First, however, it is necessary to make clear that dogmatism is not involved in the issue. A student of Theosophy does not conceive himself to be the "sole custodian of the truth", as M. du Teil affirms. The theosophical conception of Nature is, at first, merely a working hypothesis, and can be nothing more for the individual until and unless he proves it by experience and observation to be true. Its only claim to respect and attention is its reasonableness. It is logical, coherent and consistent; and it is in accord with what we have already experienced and observed.

De Quoi Vivre is a very remarkable work, covering an enormous field and revealing an immense and varied curiosity and erudition. With many of M. Coutrot's conclusions one can agree without qualification. For example, his exposure of the fallacies of Marxian dialectics is so complete that only the fanatical socialist could fail to be impressed. In general, M. Coutrot seems to be at his best in the economic field, where he states with admirable clarity the causes of the conflict between capital and labour. The great need, as he specifies, is for intelligent co-ordination, and he proposes a "co-ordinated economy, not a directed economy" (p. 213, seq.). In other words, his argument is that the representatives of each industry should act on their own responsibility to harmonize production and distribution, and that such control should not be left primarily to the State. Furthermore, M. Coutrot points out that technological improvements do not necessarily reduce the total of employment. On the contrary, in spite of the "technocrats" and their friends, employment should normally increase as production increases, because each technological advance implies a greater demand for raw and fabricated materials and a development of new "services" and distributive agencies.

As was stated in *Notes and Comments*, M. Coutrot distinguishes two processes in human history, the *additive* and the *non-additive*, the former being represented by the action of reason which accumulates its discoveries from generation to generation, the latter by the activity of the emotional nature, with its constant oscillations between sensibilities with opposite polarities, such as pleasure and pain, zest and fatigue, elation and depression, etc., etc. He is a devotee of what one might call the religion of the reason, and in my opinion becomes too enthusiastic on this theme. It is quite meaningless to attribute to reason a "pre-excellence among the human faculties". As M. Coutrot admits, reason can only act upon the data provided by intuition. It is at least as important to cultivate the power of intuition as to refine the processes of logic. What is of supreme moment is that man should develop as a *complete* being; that all his potentialities of reason, imagination, perception, will, desire, love should be actualized in their purest and most concordant forms.

In my previous reference to M. Coutrot's philosophy I unintentionally misrepresented his attitude towards the "undulatory aspect of the Universe". I exaggerated his own exaggerated admiration for the reason as a thing-in-itself. He does not pretend, as I fear I suggested, that the non-additive factors of human nature can or ought to be suppressed. On the contrary, he adopts

the hypothesis that there must always be alternating sensibilities in consciousness; that our creative powers depend upon "irrational" elements for their birth and exfoliation; that pain is as necessary to growth as joy; that reason cannot stand alone. He speaks of the need of "safeguarding the indetermination of the future", by taking every measure to keep the "creative sensibility" intact, and he criticizes the sterility of much so-called social planning which takes no cognizance of the unconceived powers latent in the human being. I hope that M. Coutrot will accept my apology for having mis-stated his position on this point.

However, at this point also, M. Coutrot and the present writer must part company. By all means, let us try to foresee and to control the impact of cyclic law upon our consciousness. But what is to be the nature and purpose of this control? Which is our motive, to adapt ourselves to Nature or to adapt Nature to the whims of our own self-will? In a chapter on "A Mysticism of the Future", M. Coutrot virtually asserts that the human species "in fieri" should be elevated as an object of worship to the position formerly occupied by the Universal and Eternal Divinity. Although he recognizes that "the individual alone has a concrete existence", the whole trend of his thought is towards the immolation of the individual to the abstraction of a species, *Homo Sapiens*. Individuals have value, as it were, in so far as they are the building-blocks of the species.

Therefore, I believe that I was not unjust when I selected M. Coutrot's work as an example of a certain irreverence towards Nature. M. Coutrot refers to man on several occasions as "a fragment of Nature". Why assume, then, that the part is greater than the whole? He speaks of *l'élan, sans doute aveugle, qui nous a porté jusqu'où nous sommes* (p. 262). How does he know that the creative force in greater Nature is blind, and what does he mean by "blind"? He asks: "What God can we invoke other than that which is being made in ourselves and by ourselves, under the ægis of Minerva [i.e. of reason]?" (p. 281). But why does he overlook the transcendent aspect of the universal *natura naturans* which overshadows both the human and the non-human? Doubtless man is free to create himself, but M. Coutrot approximates the dangerous assumption that man is free to create himself in any image which may casually please his fancy. Nature sets the limits and the laws in obedience to which man and all creatures realize the forms proper to them. This is not a dogma but a deduction from observation and experience.

The human species, as it is evolving upon this planet, is an extraordinary production of Nature. But have we the right to suppose, like certain astronomers, that terrestrial man is the only entity of his kind in the Universe, or to predicate that there are no superhuman kingdoms in the whole of space? The most perfect of human beings, those like the Christ and the Buddha, who have most completely expressed and synthesized the potentialities of the human species, have been precisely those who have revealed the possibility that at the climax of his "self-creation" man becomes something more than man.

AUTHOR OF "NOTES AND COMMENTS" (JULY, 1936).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 398.—*Why is inspiration spoken of as coming from without? I thought it came from within.*

ANSWER.—It is often helpful to go back to the original meanings of words. In the Latin, the word was *inspirare*, *in-* in, plus *spirare*, to breathe; to breathe into or upon. What is it that breathes upon us? The Holy Spirit, in Christian terms; the force and power and reality of the spiritual world. Why does it breathe upon us? Because we have greatly desired that it should, because we have asked and prayed that it should, because we have reached out and have wanted it enough; because, too, we have tried to prepare ourselves, to make ourselves worthy and fit for that in-breathing. It comes to us from without, but it cannot come at all until we are ready within, through our own effort, to receive it. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Granting that the inspiration be spiritual, what is the difference between "within" and "without"? T.

ANSWER.—Inspiration comes when spirit speaks to spirit. We should seek it in the depths of our own souls, for through the soul we are in touch with the spiritual world and with the great beings who dwell there. They may speak directly to the soul, so that what they say wells up from the deepest and innermost part of ourselves. Or it may be our own souls that speak and inspire us. But surely inspiration also comes from without. There is a wealth of inspiration in the theosophical books of all ages, in the records of heroic actions, in nobility of character, in nature, in music, in a thousand ways and places. Everything, to exist at all, must contain something of the spirit, and is thus a door to the whole spiritual world, the source of inspiration. We should seek inspiration wherever we go, whatever we do. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—Inspiration is a divine gift, an external influence directly exerted by Spirit upon the soul of man,—external in the sense that it is outside the present field of personal consciousness. Between this external influence and aspiration—man's inner spiritual response—there are reciprocal emanations. In one of the *Fragments* it is said, "All loving, unselfish thought expended, returns as inspiration,—inspiration to higher and better work". . . . Also, perhaps, it might be helpful to consider the matter in terms of a Jacob's ladder, with, instead of angels ascending and descending, aspiration ascending and returning as inspiration.

G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—Almost everyone must have been occasionally inspired by the words and deeds of another; by some book, or a lovely scene. The word "inspire" means "breathe into", suggesting the induction of some new element into one's consciousness, whether from inner or outer planes. C.M.S.

ANSWER.—Theosophy regards man as an emanation of the Divine. As *Light on the Path* says: "Within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the Path". But man has created barriers—"the gates and windows of his soul are blurred, and blinded and darkened, and no knowledge can come to him", until he removes the barriers which he himself has created.

Genuine inspiration comes from above, from the Master at the head of our Ray. Theosophy teaches that we are open to divine influences, through our hearts, our minds, our souls; that "there is no bar or wall where man the effect ceases and God the cause begins". The real world and those who dwell in it are constantly striving to attract man's attention to real things. But even a Master is powerless to influence an individual, as such, until that individual turns his attention towards the real world. Most people are animated mainly by the promptings of "elementals", such as vanity, ambition, self-love, self-indulgence, etc., which dominate the personality. They are seeking inspiration to do *their* will and to obtain what *they* want for their own selfish purposes. Inspiration from the real world reinforces the divine will for mankind. We must induce it by setting up the proper conditions for its reception, and then it comes to us as a free gift. It never fails to be given to those who seek it.

G.H.M.

QUESTION NO. 399.—*It has been said that "aspiration returns as inspiration". How are we to carry this out?*

ANSWER.—"As a man thinks, so he is." In response to the promptings of the soul, we must turn our attention toward the life of the soul and away from the concerns and demands of the personality. If this attitude is maintained and a current started towards the real world, a return current is induced. First, the imagination must be used to create a mould,—a definite, concrete picture of our ideal. Then the Master helps us to fill this mould as we bring the will into play by bending all our energies toward the fulfilment of our ideal. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—Aspiration will return as inspiration when aspiration has been put into action, when, so far as we are able, we live up to, or at least toward, that to which we aspire.

J.F.B.M.

QUESTION NO. 400.—*Should we live up to our own conception of right and wrong, or to another's conception of what is right or wrong for us?*

ANSWER.—Our understanding of the art and science of life is limited and fragmentary. Therefore, while trying to do the best we know how, we should be anxious continually to readjust our ideas, and to raise our standards. Often it is our lower natures that resent the standards others hold up for our consideration; self-will hates to be interfered with.

C.M.S.

ANSWER.—We should live up to the highest conception of right and wrong, of which for the time being we are capable. But are we going to remain satisfied with our present conception, are we going to assume that it is the highest possible for us? There can be no finality about *our view* of right and wrong, for, as we grow in inner ways, as we reach out for fuller understanding and for more intelligent obedience, our whole ideal is raised.

Help in right seeing, in right discrimination, comes from the spiritual world, if we will only ask for it, and then listen. But if we go about asking everyone whom we happen to meet what we ought to do about this thing or that—we all know those who do so—our last state will be worse than our first. Perhaps, however, we are so fortunate as to have some friend whom we revere and respect, and who is far in advance of us in all ways of inner perception and attainment. We cannot ask such a friend what we ought to do; we should be reminded that "the duty of another is full of danger". But we may be told, if we ask, what principle is involved, and so be enabled to decide for ourselves what is right and what is wrong, through the higher conception which we have thus been enabled to grasp. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—We should never, in any circumstances, do what we believe to be wrong, no matter what others may say or do. It would be wise, however, to realize that as yet we can see only a small part of our own ideal, our Master's vision of what he wishes us to become and do; and we should welcome more light from any source. Others can often show us some

aspect that we had not seen for ourselves, but which, when pointed out, we instantly recognize as truly our ideal. We ought also to realize that all of us are blind at some spot, where some one else, perhaps more experienced than we, sees clearly, and we should act on his vision until, by obedience to it, our own power of discrimination has developed to the point where we see for ourselves that it is right. It is only by living the life that one can know the doctrine. There are many times when the only way to gain a deeper knowledge of our Master's vision for us, is to live by faith, in advance of our present perception of it. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—We should never stoop to the adoption of lower standards than our own, or do anything which we ourselves know to be wrong. In order to learn self-reliance we should use every means in our power to sharpen our perception of the good and evil within our own natures. A pre-requisite is absolute honesty with ourselves in testing our motives, our reactions and their causes. It is easier for most people to see the faults of others than their own, while in many cases self-love prevents recognition, admiration, and emulation of superior qualities in others. An honest, determined effort to seek the Truth, wherever it may be found, will lift us out of the rut of our own self-admiration and complacency, and lead us to adopt another's standard of right and wrong when we find our own faulty or incomplete.

G.H.M.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock.

During the present Quarter, there will be meetings on,—

January 9th and 23rd
February 6th and 20th
March 6th and 20th.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALICE GRAVES

An old and valued member of The Theosophical Society;
Secretary of the Norfolk Branch, England.

Died, 4th November, 1936